

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

PRICE 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

Contents.

ARE THE FRENCH REALLY COMING?	105
Progress of Opinion on Jewish Emancipation	106
SCENES IN LONDON: The Lost and Found	107
CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY: Lacordaire	109
REVIEWS: Taylor's Eve of the Conquest	113
Low's Borneo	115
The Book of Snobs	116
Transactions of the Society of Arts	118
Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors	118
American Books	120
SHORT NOTICES: Euripides Medea—Alexander Dick's Reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith—A rational compendious Way to convince all Persons whatever Dissenting from the True Religion—A few earnest Thoughts on the Duty of Communion with the Catholic Church	124
MISCELLANIES: Abd-el-Kader — The Papal Rescript — A Poet's View of the Rewards of Poetry — Enlistment of English, Scotch, and Irish Soldiers — The Government and the Art-Union — Barry's Report on the Houses of Parliament — Discovery of an Antique Pulpit — Blackwood's Magazine, &c.	124

ARE THE FRENCH REALLY COMING?

WHAT is the English of "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" It is an old and uncommonly well-worn saying, of which few people know the origin, while every body knows its application. We shall venture on a fresh translation. In the present month it may be thus rendered:—"Richard Cobden, stick to free-trade, and meddle not with metaphysics and theology."

Mr. Cobden is, indeed, in some senses of the word, a great man; in his own line he is a learned man. He is also an energetic, an enthusiastic, a persevering, and a practical man. Besides this, he is always reported to be an honest man; and though not an aristocrat, yet a gentleman. Nevertheless, he is not a universal genius. He is completely taken in by the grand humbug of the day. He devoutly believes in *the perfectibility of human nature*. He has formed his opinions of man and his passions, not from metaphysicians who reason from facts, nor from theologians who reason from the doctrines of revelation, but from certain dreamers who think that the world is wicked, as it were, by accident. He has persuaded himself that Europe is getting too enlightened ever to fight any more, and that the little boys, who are born as pugnacious as ever, will grow up into peace-loving citizens of the world, for whom a red coat will have no charms, and in whose eyes an Englishman will no longer be as good as three Frenchmen.

Nothing, indeed, is more startling than to see men of this school, acute, cautious, practical reasoners on all matters of trade and commerce, opening their understandings to take in, without one syllable of proof, all the nonsensical theories about the excellence of human nature which visionary enthusiasts ever conjured up. Though they have not only the plain declarations of Inspiration, but nearly 6000 years' experience of man's history, to judge by, they are ready to fall in, without a scruple, with the fiddle-faddle talk of those lecturers and philosophisers who are now reproducing the old Pelagian fancies about the natural innocence of mankind, rendered palatable to modern taste by an avoidance of all technical theological phraseology.

We are told, in a word, that old national animosities are fast wearing out, and that the olive-branch is becoming the favourite emblem of all the greatest kingdoms of Europe. Mr. Cobden has seen so many ardent free-traders during his travels, and they have talked to him in such glowing language about the peace-insuring powers of unfettered commerce, that he has almost persuaded himself that the days of battles are gone by for ever. He would have us believe that the only use of ships is to carry merchandise; and the only use of soldiers, to stand guard on levee-days at St. James's. As for the cannon, they would, of course, be melted down, for the decoration of London, and the cultivation of "high art" in such trophies of genius as the Wellington statue and the Nelson column. A millennium, in short, is at hand; man at last is regenerated; Adam Smith has done what St. Paul could not achieve; and the lion and the lamb will speedily feed in the same pastures. Henceforth, therefore, the warrior's occupation is gone; nobody need trouble themselves about the opinions of Admirals and Generals in matters of war; and the regiments we do not want for show at home may be drafted off without delay to the banks of the Indus and the Sutlej, where unhappily there is no Anti-Corn-Law League to set mankind to rights in the space of five or six years.

What miserable shallowness is all this dreaming! Is it credible that any man of sense should really believe that human nature is so different from what it has ever shewed itself, that men will no longer fight on provocation? Is the Frenchman, the Austrian, the Prussian, and the Italian, actually prepared to return a kiss for a blow? We believe that there is scarcely a greater delusion now abroad than this strange notion that the days of war are gone by. While man is man, he will fight, whenever he can gain his ends thereby. The blood that raged at Agincourt, at Blenheim, at Waterloo, still boils in the veins of the children of the slaughtered myriads; not because they remember those days of carnage, but because *they are men*, because the passions of human nature glow as fierce as ever in their bosoms. Nought but self-interest will ever put an end to wars, till all men are devout Christians. Never, until the relations of states are so intertwined with one another, that the first cannon-shot reverberates with horrible sound through the prince's palace and the peasant's hut, and *every one* suffers by the first blood that is shed, never will an affronted nation cease to thirst for vengeance; never will mankind cease to covet the glory of conquest and victory. Enthusiasts at home may get up peace-societies; men who are not satisfied without some speedy money-return for their outlay, may clamour against the expenses of armies and navies; visionaries, who put the Scriptures in the fire, and count the lessons of experience to be the exclusive property of old women, may declaim prettily about the advance of civilisation, and the enlightenment of this haleyon age; but we may rest assured, that until the laws of creation are reversed, there is no safety for the

greatest of nations, but in such an habitual preparation for war as shall make her *feared*.

Let no man say this is unchristian language. Let none say that we are upholding that which is the curse of our race. Most truly we believe that wars *are* the curse of mankind; but will the belief that they are a curse, put an end to their existence? Shall we forget that for one man in Europe whose commercial circumstances and political knowledge are such, that he would not only instantly *feel* the frightful mischiefs of another continental war, but would have the sense to attribute his calamities to their right source,—for every such an one, there are a thousand, who, as they suffer no bitter pang at the *first commencement* of a war, will madly urge on the sovereign or the minister who involves them in the struggle, and shout in triumph over every national victory? Shall we shut our eyes to the fact that the accursed sins of pride and revenge are as natural to us as to our forefathers? Sitting quietly by our firesides, and remembering how long Europe has been at peace, shall we make fools of ourselves by believing that England is not now as ready to fight any nation in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as since she first became a kingdom? Why, the plaudits with which our late Indian victories were hailed in the Houses of Lords and Commons, yet ring in our ears! The names of Nelson and Wellington are yet watchwords in the mouths of rich and poor! We think we should be wonderfully cautious of going to war, because we have not recently been affronted. We laugh at the French as vain-glorious simpletons for their ravings about "perfidious Albion," forgetting that those only who win can afford to laugh. Supposing we had been beaten at Waterloo, where would then be our philosophical moderation?

Look at every word that comes forth from the press on the subject of our European relations? Take Richard Doyle's last series of prints in *Punch*, and ask why we all think the new Bayeux tapestry such excellent good fun? Is it their exquisite satire on the medieval mania, that charms us all? Are we not rather delighted because they say, as plainly as pictures can speak, that the English lion is more than a match for the Gallic cock? Why do we laugh at the notion of a French army invading London, but because we do not entertain the slightest doubt that we should cut them all to pieces before a week was over?

Let us hear no more of this childish talk about the improvement and enlightenment of our day in abhorring all wars. There is more magic in the words, "Keep your powder dry," for preserving peace, than in all the speculations of the fry of small philosophers. Human nature is not yet perfected, and never will be. A moderate standing army, well trained, well officered, well provisioned, and well cared-for in body *and in soul*; a navy, complete in every respect; with abundant military stores, not too many, but not too few; a proper system of promotion, instead of our present absurd system of purchase; a fitting education both of officer and private soldier;—these are the real peace-makers, even of this particularly enlightened and universally philanthropic age. A policeman is still a better defence against a pickpocket, than a number of the *Penny Magazine* or of *Chambers' Journal*. We need not fortify the southern coast, and build a new great wall of China all the way from the North Foreland to the Land's End; but if we have one grain of common sense and prudence, we must remember that human nature is human nature still; and that at this very moment there is working beneath the smooth surface of European existence, a crowd of antagonistic principles, both of religion and politics,

which in a moment may burst forth, and deluge the world with blood. Already the storm mutters in the heavens; the first roar of the thunder has struck upon our ears. The roll of musketry has been heard in the valleys and mountains of Switzerland; and in Sicily the cannon-balls are laying hundreds low. Will England, will France, will Germany, be able to look on in peace? How long will Louis Philippe live? What is the cruel Czar now plotting? To what frenzy may not Metternich arouse the whole of Germany and Italy? Who shall say, that in a few years there will be a family in England which does not number a relative among the soldiery slaughtered in a European war? God grant, indeed, that so it may not be! But while men are men, and not angels, let us, in the name of all that is wise and sacred, keep off the curse by preparing for it!

PROGRESS OF OPINION ON JEWISH EMANCIPATION.

THE first step towards this now nearly completed measure was taken as long ago as the year 1830; and it is curious to retrace the steps of the public mind upon the subject, as displayed in the proceedings of Parliament. We give a brief outline of all that has been done.

Early in 1830 Mr. Huskisson, then leader of Canning's party, presented a petition from the bankers, merchants, and inhabitants of Liverpool, including the names of several clergymen of the Established Church, for the removal of civil disabilities from the Jewish race.

On the 5th April in the same year, Mr. Robert Grant brought a bill into the House of Commons for this same purpose. Sir R. Inglis took the lead in opposing it; but the first reading was carried by a majority of 115 to 97. Before the second reading of this bill was proposed, Mr. Alexander Baring (now Lord Ashburton) presented a petition in its favour, signed by 14,000 merchants, bankers, and traders of the city of London. The second reading was lost by a majority of 228 to 165.

On the 14th December in the same year, Lord Bexley presented a petition in favour of the Jews to the House of Lords.

On the 17th April, 1833, Mr. Robert Grant moved a resolution in the House of Commons for the entire removal of all the Jewish disabilities. After a murmur from Sir R. Inglis, the resolution passed without a division. On May 22d, the second reading was brought forward. Inglis and Plumptre opposed it, but it was carried by 159 to 52; and was a short time afterwards passed.

Three days after, Lord Bexley brought the bill before the Lords. The Duke of Sussex presented a petition from 7000 inhabitants of Westminster in its favour. Two Bishops voted for the bill, Dr. Whately and Dr. Otter (of Chichester); but it was lost by a majority of two to one.

On the 6th August following, the Marquis of Westminster gave notice of his intention to renew the motion in the next session. In the same session Mr. Grant brought in a new bill, similar to the old one, and carried it with large majorities through the House of Commons. The Lords were, however, still resolute; and the more so, as a portion of the Ultra-Liberal party was just then attacking the constitutional rights of the House of Peers. The bill was lost by a majority of 92.

Still public opinion moved, or rather strode on apace. In 1835, the first disability was removed both by Lords and Commons; and the new law received the Royal assent. By this law a Jew might be the Sheriff of a county. Since that date, Jews have been elected to the shrievalty in Middlesex, Kent, and Buckinghamshire.

In 1836 Mr. Spring Rice again introduced in the Commons the measure lost in the House of Lords. Only a minority of 22 voted against the second reading. This, however, was too late in the session to allow the bill to be carried forward in the Upper House.

In 1841 Mr. David Salomons was chosen one of the

London Aldermen, but could not take his seat because the law required all persons to make a declaration "on the faith of a Christian." A bill to get rid of the difficulty was speedily carried in the House of Commons, and almost carried in the Lords, being lost only in one of its latest stages. In 1845, a similar bill was originated in the Lords itself, and carried without a division. Of course it rapidly passed in the Commons, and became law.

In 1846 another step was taken. The Lord Chancellor, in his "Religious Opinions Relief Bill," included two enactments specially affecting the Jews; first, that they should be placed under the same laws as those which affected all *Protestants*, with respect to worship, education, and charitable institutions; and secondly, that there should be extended to them the protection of the laws against all disturbers of their religious assemblies. The measure passed both Houses, and became law.

And thus the Jews now stand in England. We confidently expect that a few weeks will remove every disqualification that yet remains.

Scenes in London.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

1. *The Knife-seller.*

In days of old, when railways were not, I used often to make the long coach-journey to Bath and Bristol; and on one of those occasions, as we waited at Hatchett's Hotel in Piccadilly, I became acquainted with the person whose after-fate I am about to describe. I was sitting half frozen with a bitter east wind, and growling with true English zeal against the pertinacity with which the porters insisted upon incessantly opening the door, to deposit an interminable multitude of parcels in the coach-pockets and under the seat, when one of those indescribable knives, apparently nothing but blades, was thrust close to my nose by an itinerant vender of such-like tempting wares. Every body that travels knows well the look of these formidable weapons, the admiration of boys, the amazement of old gentlemen, and the horror of old ladies. Why people should choose the moment of starting on a journey as the most likely time to induce a man to buy these perilous-looking engines, I never could conceive. I never yet saw one purchased by any body but once, when a schoolboy, returning to some "Grove House Academy" or other, bought one with a part of the half-sovereign he had just received from his uncle at parting, and forthwith cut three of his fingers in trying to shut the instrument.

On the occasion I am speaking of, I myself was the sufferer. I dodged the bristling blades successfully for two or three times, as I was forced to move hither and thither under the plague of importunate porters, passengers, and sellers of oranges and old annuals; but at length an unexpected evolution of a particularly stout man at my side brought my face close to the open window, at the moment that my friend with the unpleasant-looking penknife was assuring me, for the fourth time, that all the blades were as sharp as razors. Sharp enough for my purpose I certainly found them, for they ran right into my cheek, and made the blood flow so copiously that I was fain to rush out headlong from the coach, and betake myself to the nearest chemist's shop for relief. While I was being doctored and patched, the coach, of course, started, leaving me to follow by the next conveyance, which luckily was only an hour or so later.

Angry and vexed as I was, I could not help being touched with the unaffected sorrow of the knife-dealer at my misfortune. The poor fellow was a decently dressed man, clean and respectable-looking, and was plainly a simple trader in unaccountably made cutlery, and not a lounging pickpocket, selling knives as a blind to his victims. He followed me to the chemist's, expressed again and again his distress at the accident, dashed off at a word to rescue my luggage from the roof of the coach before it started, and, when I was released from the chemist's hands, shewed his feelings by the most strenuous effort to get me to accept one of his abominable steel-traps for unwary fin-

gers. All this fixed the man's countenance on my memory; and the more so, as certain twinges in the face all day long compelled me very vigorously to put in practice the virtue of forgiveness towards my unintentional tormentor.

Of course I soon forgot all about the accident and its author, except that, to this day, I feel a most uncomfortable sensation at the sight of a penknife with more than a solitary blade. But, about a year ago, standing up under an archway in the Strand for shelter from a sudden shower, the very same man again shewed me one of my old enemies, and begged me to buy. In an instant I recognised him; but in my life I never was so struck with the change in a man's looks. The features were the same; there was also a slight lingering trace of his former respectable, open expression of mouth and eye; but in every other respect he was an altered man. A flashy waistcoat, a blackguard-looking coat and gaiters, and a broken hat, torn and dirty rather than old, united with a certain mingled look of melancholy and ferocity, to give the man a marked appearance of unhappiness and brutality. At first he failed to recognise me, though he soon remembered his onslaught on my countenance when I detailed one or two of the circumstances. What it was that interested me in the man, I know not; but I was almost glad to see the rain pouring on, that I might have five minutes to question him a little.

At first he was shy of answering my queries; was dogged, and almost rude, and seemed disposed to face the torrent in the street in order to get away. But a word I accidentally let fall about his former vexation when he found that he had wounded me, plainly brought back old habits of feeling, and he soon opened and told me all his tale. A tale, indeed, it hardly was; it was rather a history of his own mind and of his opinions. He was a fearful instance of the power of the lowest publications of the London press. What he had been originally, in the way of creed, I did not then know; but when I now met him, he had come to take up, with a frightful earnestness, the most baneful doctrines of infidelity, Socialism, and almost every other form of monstrous absurdity which is rife in this great Babylon of ours. All this I had time only to suspect, as we stood there talking under the low archway. We stayed under it so short a time, and the poor man became soon so vehemently excited under the influence of his own words, that I could only make out enough from his incoherent story to see that he was a *victim* of those detestable doctrines which have found their way to the hearts and heads of many of the most intelligent of our mechanics and labourers. I only found out the full nature of his sentiments, and saw their terrible operation on his mind, by slow degrees afterwards; for I felt so much interest in him, and was so impressed—I may say, awe-struck—with the intensity of the energy with which he advocated his views, that I made up my mind not to lose sight of him; and before we parted, I got him to promise that he would take me to a certain place in town the following Sunday evening, where the opinions he had imbibed were regularly expounded to crowds of working-men and their families.

2. *The Socialist Lecture.*

When the day came, I borrowed an old greatcoat from my servant, to cover my too respectable dress, pulled a well-worn travelling-cap over my forehead, and sallied out with my companion, who was punctual to the hour he had fixed for calling for me. We crossed Blackfriars Bridge, and, not far from the river, taking one of the diverging streets, speedily came to a kind of rotunda, or half-theatre, externally looking like a neglected private house. A stream of men, and not a few women, were flowing in. On each side of the door stood a person to take the penny which was demanded from all comers. With my companion (whose name, I should add, was George Williams), I went with the rest, wondering whether I was suspected as an interloper, and gazing about me with disgust and dread as we pushed along. The floor, walls, and staircase, were black with the dirt of many years; an odour of tobacco-smoke and spirits seemed to have taken its permanent abode in the building; and an occasional word

of obscenity or blasphemy made me shudder, as I realised where I had got to. Beyond this, all was quiet, steady, and *awfully earnest*. The men were most of them decently dressed; perhaps quite as much so as the average number of people in their condition. The women, however, struck me with a pang. One is used to see men look fierce, ill-humoured, and reckless. The eye of the debauched man too often glares upon those who frequent the more crowded haunts of society, whether of high or low, to be very remarkable at any time. But women with such countenances I had never beheld. I had seen them, as I thought, in every variety of misery and wickedness. In the police-offices, in prisons, on the treadmill, in Billingsgate, in St. Giles', on the tramp as insolent beggars,—all these were familiar to my eyes; but such as I now saw, I saw for the first time. There was a calmness, a determination, a fixedness of look, which shewed that they hated virtue almost more than they loved vice. They did not seem more brutal, more sensual, more audacious, than hundreds of others; but there was a certain something about them which I can hardly describe, but which filled me with nothing less than horror. Never, till then, had I felt the full force of the saying, that when women are thoroughly lost, they are more hopelessly, more diabolically infamous, than a man ever becomes.

A short, steep staircase led us to the lecture-room; an oblong apartment, filled with benches, and having at one extremity the usual platform for public speakers, with a deal-table and a few common-looking chairs. On the walls were hung up several placards, announcing future lectures, and advertising the most foul and revolutionary of the unstamped newspapers, and the lowest novels and magazines. The names of Tom Paine, Carlile, Owen, and other English preachers of ruin, were to be seen mingled with those of St. Simon and the great foreign lights of unbelief and communism. Cheap translations of French authors were also advertised in the same way; and here and there was an announcement of too offensive a character to bear naming. There was no eating and drinking, but some little smoking went on until the lecture commenced. All were pretty silent, though some few talked eagerly, especially one or two of the women, who, as far as I could catch their words, seemed to be upbraiding a man, of less audacity than themselves, for cowardice and superstition, in not embracing the full consequences of his opinions. This calmness and intense interest in the purpose for which they had met, struck me with a deeper consciousness of the terrible nature of the whole affair than I should have felt from the most uproarious riot or the most hideous revelry. The published reports of those who have investigated the condition of the most depraved spots in London affected me with a less acute sense of the power of evil, than this sitting assembly of sober men and women.

After waiting, perhaps ten minutes, the speaking began. A short, square-built, dark-haired man—the look of whose face I need hardly describe, and whose name I have forgotten—came forward and took his place at the table. A clapping of hands and stamping of feet welcomed him, as he sat down and turned his cold, suspicious-looking eyes with a steady gaze upon the gathered throng. The women in particular greeted him with hearty vigour.

Before he had spoken five minutes, I saw the school in which he had studied. It was thoroughly, unmistakeably French. It was a kind of caricature of the preaching of the most eloquent clergy, and of others who, in Paris, had obtained a celebrity for oratory, either honourable or disgraceful. He commenced sitting, with free, yet evidently studied, action; then he stood up, or leant over the table, holding in his hand a roll of paper, with every possible variation and inflection of tone and voice. In short, he was unquestionably a man of very decided ability, and possessed many of the natural qualifications necessary to form the effective popular speaker.

Such was his manner; but of his matter, what shall I say? Prepared as I was for a bold exhibition of wickedness and false philosophy, I must confess that I was little prepared either for the outrageous doctrines

he broached, or for the singular skill with which he urged them. His first words caused a thrill of horror through my frame. I cannot bring myself to repeat them, though the impression they made I can never forget. It was a kind of brief, sententious mockery of the introductory invitation to prayer, with which many associations of the present day are accustomed to open their meetings. All this was spoken in a subdued, and apparently sincere, voice. Then, bursting out, he cried, "Such are the mockeries, my friends, with which they would enchain our free thoughts; the grovelling superstitions which priests and kings employ to enslave the men they dread. And they say these prayers are answered! Walk out, then, into this street. Turn into the first house you come to. Mount the stairs to the garrets, or descend into the cellars. What see you there? Do you see happiness? Do you see enjoyment? Do you see the people they call Christians better off than others? Do you see a single token that there is any God who troubles himself with our affairs? Hark at that drunken man! He swears; he blasphemes, as they call it; he strikes his wife—she staggers, she falls senseless; he reels off to his bed with a frightful laugh! Yet that woman is a saint, and kisses the hand that smites her! And she would fain persuade us that *her* prayers are answered!"

And so the speaker continued in the same startling, fearful strain; painting only too truly the miseries of the poor, the power of the tyrannical, the wrongs of the weak, and drawing the ever-repeated conclusion that there *could* be no truth in a religion which thus suffered its servants to be the outcasts of the world. All this, however, did not astound me so much as the singular plausibility with which, when he had ended this wild melodramatic introduction, he proceeded to the exposition of his own scheme for redressing the wrongs of man. I will not mention all its details; it is enough to say that the three great objects of the speaker's abhorrence were, differences in rank, differences in wealth, and the institution of marriage. In this last the diabolical spirit of the whole scene displayed itself in its darkest horrors. The man advocated marriage, as such, it is true; but he called it the curse of the human race, unless an unlimited power of divorce were allowed to those who were married. And here I saw most clearly his ability and his art. Carefully avoiding every thing that might seem gross or sensual, and dilating with apparent rapture on the purity and the excellence of conjugal affection, he contrived at the same time to make it appear that the happiness of women, far more than of men, demanded a boundless freedom of separation. He repeated all the commonplaces about the natural rights of women, their equality with men, and the odious tyranny which had deprived them of their political and social position; and then, turning to their lot in marriage, he pictured in terms fearful and harrowing, because in a degree true, their miserable existence when bound for life to a man they abhorred, or to one who used them ill. All this he laid at the door of Christianity, protesting that it was the very knowledge of the impossibility of undoing the marriage-tie which tempted the husband to all his excesses, and taught him that he might use his wife as his slave.

As the speaker went on, I could not help watching the women in his audience. They heard him, just as I should have expected from their previous demeanour. Saying little, but what they did say, uttering it with unconcealed fervour; listening with unfading attention, and straining their eyes to catch every motion of the orator's countenance; with lips compressed, and brows slightly knit, their mouths frequently curling into a bitter smile of anger and of concurrence with what they heard, they shewed me too plainly that when once these hideous theories had obtained possession of the female mind, they took root in it, and budded, and bore fruit, more abundantly, more banefully than perhaps is possible in the soul of a man. I felt sick at heart at the sight, and thought of the old French revolution, and the horrible scenes in Paris in which women had so often been the frantic leaders.

My own companion, Williams, listened too with distressing eagerness. He said little; he smiled scarcely at all, and then with a sardonic coldness; his eyes only

glared, but even in their excitement betrayed more clearly the misery that I saw to be brooding in his inmost bosom. When the lecture ended, he joined vigorously in the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands, with which the greater part of the audience expressed their satisfaction, while the rest with sullen oaths declared their belief in all they had heard. What followed afterwards, I knew not; I was too sad and miserable to stay; and asking Williams to help me in my exit, we threaded our way with difficulty through the throng, and I escaped from that den of pollution.* I longed to talk to Williams on what I had heard, but could not bring myself to the effort, till his own excited asseverations of the truth of the speaker's theories at last roused me, and I poured out all my feelings of disgust and indignation.

This, of course, had no effect upon my companion; and when I had tired myself with talking, as we walked homewards together, I thought I might as well try a little cooler reasoning. I then argued on every possible ground that I could think of. I ran through the chief arguments for the truth of the Christian religion. I tried to convince him of the happiness of the marriage-bond when sacredly respected, by various individual instances. I reminded him of the fearful deeds of the French revolution. I shewed him the proofs there were of the undoubted sincerity of millions of Christians. But all in vain: he recurred again and again to the same fact—the neglected and miserable condition of the lower classes with whom he lived.

"Sir," he said, "I say it with every respect to you; I would not hurt *your* feelings for a moment; but, were you to argue with me for a hundred years, you would never convince me that the God who I really believe made you and me intended us all to be under the curse that has blighted us. You may tell me of *your* happiness: what is that to *my* misery? *Your* fireside is peaceful; *your* friends are prosperous; *you* are acquainted with honest Christians; *you* do not suffer: but what is the lot of tens of thousands, here, here in this great London? You tread upon us; you trample on us; you shut us out of sight; you give us over to policemen and parish-officers; you let us die unknown: and then come with your sermons to preach patience, and condemn us for seizing the few enjoyments that nature has put within our reach.

"Can you do away with facts? Can you deny that we are outcasts? that we herd together like beasts in the field? that there are hundreds of streets and lanes here, all round us, where every day the curse of poverty grows more deadly? that we have none to teach us from our infancy? that we have no amusements, no books, and hardly even clothes to make us decent? Are there more pious men than hypocrites in London, I beg you to say? If all you tell us is true, *why* are we left to live and die like dogs? No! no!"—he went on, with increasing vehemence—"you cannot deny it; you cannot blind my eyes, or convince me that all is not rotten from beginning to end. We have been suffering from an imposture for thousands of years; the few have leagued together for the enslaving of the many; and the world is *filled* with cruelty. Explain it, I say!"—he cried, yet more fiercely,—"why is this? why should one die like a dog, while another lives like a king? Why is my brain now racked with fever? Why am I starving, and there is no one to save me? It is all one great cheat: we must sweep it all away; we must try a new state of things. We have been wretched enough *with* kings, and religion, and marriages that cannot be broken; we will see whether it will be worse for man to do without them all."

Thus he continued to pour forth his passionate ideas with a readiness and simplicity of language which at the time I was too much overpowered to notice, but which afterwards struck me as an instance of the power of genuine feeling, even when of the most awfully perverted kinds. This poor man, I began soon to see, was

possessed with the same mysterious fact which has shipwrecked myriads in the sea of doubt, in its various forms. All he said was but the application of the old speculations as to the *origin of evil*, adapted to the miseries of his own condition of life. I have always thought this by far the most hopeless of all states of doubt and unbelief. It cannot be argued against. It must be met on other grounds. The heart must be placed in a condition to perceive the reality of other truths, notwithstanding this unfathomable and mysterious fact, or all reasoning falls powerless on the mind. I therefore said nothing to Williams when he ended his declamations. Distressed, agitated, and confused, I could only wish him good night, when I reached my own door, and ask him for a direction to the house where he lodged.

What passed when I next saw him, I must reserve for a while.

[To be continued.]

Contemporary Biography.

LACORDAIRE.

[Continued from p. 22.]

V. THE "AVENIR."

THE generous imagination of the Abbé Lacordaire was captivated. He was now about to become, in common with many other choice Catholic spirits, one of the most brilliant satellites of that formidable star which was drawing him after it in its orbit. There was, perhaps, at this moment some danger and some honour in remaining in France, and he remained.

We have loved to linger over the early years of this eminent man, when he was yet undistinguished and scarcely known; we have not wearied of portraying him in all the simple freshness of his impressions, his sentiments, and his language, because, as we conceive, the ripened man is contained in the youth, as the fruit is in its flower. Henceforth the Abbé Lacordaire has a part to play in the religious and political drama: we shall make but such passing allusions to the events, parties, publications, and popular questions of the time as may directly illustrate his career.

The Revolution of July, by overturning the throne of France, held Europe and the world in suspense. M. de Lamennais, who had formerly defended absolute monarchy with the same excessive ardour as he has since employed in the cause of democracy, believed the moment was come boldly to announce to the people the reign of religious and political liberty, and to hasten the triumph of those two ideas by means of one another. He had long observed that the history of the French monarchy in the last centuries exhibited the Christian religion allied to the cause of royalty by close and servile ties. Superficial and sceptical minds in France at this time regarded Catholicism as the necessary accomplice of the monarchy in its conflicts, successful or unsuccessful, with the new institutions. Thus the cause of God, the cause whose interests are eternal, found itself miserably bound up with a human quarrel and a temporary social form. To M. Lamennais there appeared an urgent need to repudiate at once a companionship so fatal. He considered that the political revolution of 1830, in shattering the ancient crown, had also virtually broken through the old relations of the religious and the civil power, and set free the Church from the hard bondage of lay supremacy. He wished to see the Church as free as the State; accordingly he took up the cause of the Catholic people against kings, ministers, magistrates, heretics, and infidels. But questions of vast importance and of the most exciting nature were to be raised in this war of principles. This was not the first time that M. de Lamennais, with the aggressive eloquence and impassioned dialectics of a religious demagogue, had addressed himself to the deep and most complicated theory of the relations of Church and State. It was necessary at once to give a violent wrench to existing notions and prejudices, in order to burst the cords that fastened the French clergy to the government; and the first thing to be done was, to agitate the question of the *concordats*, the nomination of bishops, and the clerical budget.

And what a moment for provoking all this conflict

* If any of our readers should think this picture overcoloured, we can assure them that the horrors of the places of the kind we have described are really worse than we have drawn them. The placards, which may be *seen* by any one who will venture into the neighbourhoods where these scenes are acted, are such that we could hardly repeat them, much less put them in print.

of opinions: when Catholic Ireland was in a state of violent agitation, when religious Belgium was emancipating itself, when the Rhine was convulsed, and Italy was upheaving, and Romagna was in a flame; when heroic Poland was waking up but to die, and the peace or the embroilment of the whole world were staked, so to say, on the chances of a die!

It is comparatively easy, now that more than seventeen years have intervened, to estimate with composure and with equity the critical position of 1830, and to do justice to the prudent foresight of one party without condemning the bold audacity of the other. That statesmen, and aged prelates, and priests, who bore in their own persons the scathing effects of former revolutions, and had gained therefrom more knowledge and more distrust of mankind, should not be willing to plunge into the hazards of a universal storm,—all this is now perfectly intelligible. But deeply also do we feel what sympathy, and if need be, what flattering allowances are due to those men, whom either youth or ardour, vigour of mind or generosity of spirit, urged to throw themselves the first into the front of the battle, like those brave and adventurous combatants who rush upon death before the regular engagement has begun. It should never be forgotten that the eminent men who at this time so valiantly exposed themselves, it may be prematurely, without authority, and with a sort of reckless daring, are the very same whose hearts beat now so warmly in the sacred cause of religious liberty and of conscience, and who in their speeches and writings have never for one single moment ceased to advocate the rights of the outraged or oppressed among the European nations. These are the men who have devoted themselves as the public champions, one might almost call them the martyrs, of the liberty of education in France, a struggle still proceeding, in which, however, they must finally triumph; not, indeed, by the violent means of another revolution, but, as we confidently hope, by the force of public opinion, and the slow and regular process of constitutional measures.

We need not wonder, then, that the Abbé Lacordaire, being such as he has since shewn himself, should have thrown himself into the very thick of the fray in 1830, with all the impetuosity of a publicist of twenty-seven. While thus fighting under the auspices of M. de Lamennais, he had the happiness of finding by his side a young combatant already full of a manly power and courage, the Count Montalembert. A lasting friendship, which has survived those stormy times,—like those flowers which the hand of man may sometimes gather near the mouth of a volcano,—speedily united the “student of twenty” and the almoner of the College of Henry IV. The Abbé Lacordaire, speaking of him at this time, says, “He is a most fascinating young man, and I am as fond of him as though he were a plebeian. Sure I am that, if he lives, his destiny will be as pure as a Swiss lake among the mountains, and as celebrated as they are.” Never was friendship’s prophecy more perfectly fulfilled.

The Abbé Lacordaire liberally discharged his debt to the *Avenir*, not only by numerous articles, in which the rich originality of his style and the brilliancy of his genius were conspicuously displayed, but also by standing several legal prosecutions; and yet the *Avenir* lasted but a year. It was he who wrote the boldest articles “On the Suppression of the Clerical Budget” and “On the Liberty of Education;” he it was who spoke of “The Liberty of the Press,” of “Italy,” of “Poland,” and of “Belgium.” But amidst all the impassioned invectives which he launched forth, without ever exhausting or repeating himself, and with the excusable vehemence incidental to a daily contest, against Gallicans, philosophers, and atheists; against the gentry, against kings, as well as against all cowardly Catholics; he had ever before his eyes the cross of that God who was to be “Liberty, and the restraint of Liberty.” No outbreak of violence took place but he branded it with shame. He sought to restore to religion its ancient popularity; but he declaimed with a generous indignation against the vile desecrators of the Cross, and the wretched destroyers of the archiepiscopal palace, and nobly undertook the defence of the bishops who had treated him with affection,

and were now suffering persecution. In fine, it may safely be asserted that the *Avenir* was never, either expressly or in principle, levelled against the monarchical side of the new liberties of France. Its object was thoroughly to destroy popular prejudices which treated religion as the necessary ally of absolute monarchy; its object was to reinstate Christianity in the public mind by means of liberty; but Christianity itself it openly preferred before all the shifting forms of social organisation, and placed it supereminently above all opinions.

The article on the “Bishops of France” was referred to a jury in the February of 1831, together with another article by M. de Lamennais. The Abbé Lacordaire defended himself with a freedom of expression quite original. The accused were acquitted. The noise and the renown of the defence increased still more the repute and consideration in which the indicted articles were held. Other causes combined to keep him before the public mind. Foreseeing that evil times were coming for religion, and wishing to be able to present himself as its defender before the tribunals, he had applied, in the preceding December, to have his name entered on the list of the advocates of the Royal Court of Paris. There was something extraordinary, perhaps, in this application; but, in ordinary course, it lay with the ecclesiastical authorities to notice the unusual or irregular nature of such a step. Instead of which, the council of discipline, in the character of sovereign judge, erected itself into a *Sorbonne*, as though it had been an assembly of canonists, and denied itself the honour of inscribing the name of the Abbé Lacordaire on the rolls of the bar. M. Mauguin had the spirit to vote for the now eminent orator.

The rejected candidate had himself, before this, been obliged to call in the aid of the law in his own defence. The plunderers of the archiepiscopal palace had found, during the pillage, a sheet of paper containing the last lines, with the signatures attached, of a memorial addressed by all the almoners of the royal colleges of Paris to the minister of public instruction on the moral and religious condition of those institutions. This memorial, which had been applied for by the authorities themselves, had never been given in to the minister. Occasion was taken from this stray sheet of paper, discovered in a popular tumult, to assail and calumniate the almoners of the University. The Abbé Lacordaire boldly declared himself the author of the memorial; he published the text literal and entire, prosecuted his libellers, and demonstrated that even in discharging a secret duty of his former office, in drawing up an official paper at the minister’s own request, he had known how to reconcile sincerity with prudence, and to preserve a just moderation.

A third trial awaited the conductors of the *Avenir*. To give an impetus to public opinion, and to urge it the faster to contend for and to win the liberty of education, which in principle was recognised by the Charter of 1830, MM. de Coux, de Montalembert, and Lacordaire, transformed themselves into schoolmasters, and collected together a few little children in a room. These new schoolmasters saw clearly that there are cases in which it is necessary to take liberty by force, if she is too tardy in yielding herself, or refuses to yield herself at all. They judged that such a case had occurred in respect to the liberty of education, of which no one any longer dreamed, and which even yet is not attained after seventeen years of political changes. They considered that the getting possession of this liberty of education, first and highest condition of religious liberty, was the most important of all conquests; and foreseeing, as they did, with a marvellous instinct, that it was to come the last of all, they were excusable for a little too much haste in seeking to realise in practice what as yet was only laid down in principle in the new political code of France.

The University was provoked to wrath. Seals were affixed to the door of the private school. A commissary of police came and delivered three formal summonses to the Abbé Lacordaire, drove him and the children out of the building, and put the key into his pocket. The Court of Peers was called together to judge this grave offence, on account of the unusual rank of one of the

culprits, the Count Montalembert. The noble Chamber condemned the three accused to the full amercement for having disobeyed the University. But this was an opportunity for the "student of twenty" to raise, for the first time in public, and on a solemn occasion, that voice as honest as it is devoted, as courageous as it is faithful, as full of lively wit as it is of gentle sweetness, pre-eminently Christian yet cuttingly severe, proclaiming at once the truest liberality with the most genuine religion; in a word, all that richness of mind and heart which has never since been wanting to the double interests of religious and political liberty. The Abbé Lacordaire also spoke with that commanding eloquence, that startling fascination of manner, which nothing surprises, nothing intimidates, and which cease not to be as extraordinary after the excitement of the day is gone. He had not deceived himself with respect to the trials of that stormy life into which he had been hurried, partly by events and partly by the character of his mind. "I shall make blunders," he said, in January 1831; "I shall have my vexations, perhaps very bitter ones."

Such strangely audacious proceedings roused up the government, political parties, and the clergy. The hostile caution of the bishops; the fears entertained by a large body of the priests; the complaints, open or suppressed, of the oldest and most honourable friends of the fallen dynasty; the uneasy misgivings that lay like a weight on the fortunes of the newly established government; the extreme astonishment felt by a host of Catholics, who as yet could not at all understand that appeals for political liberty, religious liberty, the liberty of the press, the liberty of association, and the liberty of instruction, might proceed with propriety out of the mouth of Christians, and of the Christian priesthood itself; the alarm natural to good sort of people, but irresolute-minded, at seeing the passions of the misguided multitude exasperated against them by provocations however generously intended; and more than all, the personal position of M. de Lamennais, as head-manager of the *Avenir*, a man who had already begun to inspire the episcopate and the clergy with the strongest mistrust;—all this had accumulated around the new journal an incalculable array of obstacles, which it was not so easy to conquer as to brave. The conductors of the *Avenir* justly concluded that they should not be able to overcome so many embarrassments, unless they were supported and protected against these various hostilities, discontents, and distrusts, by that apostolic authority whose rights they had always not only scrupulously reserved and respected, but jealously defended. Accordingly, M. de Lamennais, de Montalembert, and Lacordaire started for Rome at the end of November 1831. The *Avenir* had been suspended on the fifteenth. They had sent forward to Rome a memorial addressed to the Holy See; this memorial, which was drawn up by the Abbé Gerbet, assisted by the Abbé Lacordaire, and signed by all the conductors,* entered explicitly into the most formidable questions: e.g. the relations of the spiritual and temporal power; the power of the Pope, and that of general councils; the amissibility of the power; national supremacy; the separation of Church and State; political liberty, and the conditions of the social pact of 1830. Whether steps had not been taken long before by French or European diplomacy to forestall at the court of Rome the memorial itself, as well as the arrival of the conductors of the *Avenir*, it is impossible to say. And considering the emergencies of the time, the troubles of Italy, the distracted state of Romagna, the close neighbourhood of Austria, the terrible concussions from which Poland was suffering, the forebodings of a storm in Ireland, the events that were occurring in Belgium, the dubious attitude of Germany, the anxieties of all Europe,—it would be no easy matter to decide what amount of prudence was demanded of the Holy See. That immovable power, before which pass all the kingdoms of the earth, and which beholds all the successive waves of civilisation roll away under its feet, has no mission from its Author to hurry forward prematurely, in the very bosom of the tempest, and at

the will of impatient spirits, revolutions in opinion, or the reform of states. It is the wisdom of the Holy See to bide the hour at which good at least is possible, at which change will not be made at too dear a cost,¹²¹ the overthrow of the past compromise too much the general order of things.

In 1831, when the world was threatened with an universal convulsion, the lofty wisdom of the Papal See might well hesitate, and pause, and set itself to resist what seemed but endless innovations, ill-considered attempts, and arbitrary theories,—in which were involved the peace and the safety of the world. To-day, when men's minds are calmer and more settled, and a general agitation no longer rocks the edifice of Europe to its foundations, the paternal hand of Pius IX. may be able, with moderation and discretion, to extend reforms, the surer because gradual,—reforms which, it appears, had already been contemplated by his predecessors, but which they were not able to realise; and it is our confident hope that to him it will be given to effect throughout the Catholic world the definitive union of Christian ideas and principles with the doctrines of popular liberty, and of political justice with religion. Even in doing good, it is necessary to consult opportunity and moderation, both daughters of good sense, and both parents of success.

VI. THE FALL OF M. DE LAMENNAIS.

The Abbé Lacordaire had often thought of seeing Rome; but Rome was to him a place more interesting for its present spirit and teaching than for its monumental remains. Previous to his visiting it, and with a view to derive some advantage from the journey, he wished to enter into many historical and philosophical researches; and in order that he might understand the actual life of Catholicism as exhibited there, he was meditating a varied course of study and a somewhat prolonged stay.

Before starting for Rome, he went to rest himself a while from his exciting life in retirement, and to console himself for the animosities and violences that assailed him. He lived at "a pretty little house, from which one sees the Loire flowing at one's feet, with a garden, a shrubbery, a lawn, two large trees, a court-yard between the curé's house and the church,—two dogs, some pigeons, and a friend." He used to declare that he "never understood how it was possible to hate a man who was in error, so long as he did not act the oppressor; and that the only thing in the world he hated was tyranny." And in some delightful letters which he wrote to certain friends of indifferent orthodoxy, he said to them: "I take pattern by the ancient fathers, who corresponded with the pagans of their time, and said pleasant things to them with a right good heart."

"The pilgrims of God and of liberty" arrived at Rome in the last days of 1831. On the way the imagination of Lacordaire was struck with the picturesque beauties of the coasts of the Mediterranean. "From Nice to Genoa the continual view of the Mediterranean beneath you is lovely. You skirt along the shore upon a road which is often hewn out of the living rock; and at every instant the eye plunges down into some new bay, or discovers some new promontory in the distance. Villas are scattered here and there upon the hills, or upon the rocks, looking like pictures; and the sun lends a thousand fanciful hues to the waters of the Mediterranean."

In approaching the Chair of St. Peter, the travellers wished to perform, or thought they were performing, an act of faith. But their proceeding was a false one under two points of view: first, in presuming to compel the Holy See to decide questions of a most delicate nature, many of which were not even theological; and next, in pressing it to confirm opinions, whereas its office is always limited to condemning errors. The Holy See was dissatisfied at seeing the travellers arrive, and wished to do nothing in the matter. M. de Lamennais was obstinately bent upon obtaining a formal approbation, or at all events a judgment; and openly declared that if the Sovereign Pontiff delayed deciding, he would return to France and resume the *Avenir*. The Abbé Lacordaire, on the contrary, thought that since they were not formally approved, and could not succeed in being so, it was more proper for them to leave Rome and give up their Journal. This difference in opinion separated him

* MM. de Lamennais, Gerbet, Rohrbacher, Lacordaire, de Coux, Bartels, d'Ault-Dumesnil, de Montalembert, d'Ortigue, de Salinis, Daguerre, Harel du Tancré, Wallie.

from his friends; or rather, let us say, his penetrating glance perceived, even at this early stage, all the inward havoc which the still secret but certain disapprobation of the Holy See had begun to work in the mind of M. de Lamennais, already in a state of revolt. From that moment—and of this fact we have a still living witness and irrefragable written proof—the Abbé Lacordaire foresaw the fall of his master. He set off for France on the 15th of March, 1832, four months before his companions. They themselves returned in July, writing word that they should return to Paris to continue their journal, since Rome would not pronounce a decision.

Resolved not to recommence the *Avenir*, the Abbé Lacordaire would not await M. de Lamennais' arrival at Paris, and set off for Germany in the month of August. Chance would have it that the travellers returned to France by way of Munich, and there M. de Montalembert by accident met with the name of the Abbé Lacordaire among the names entered on an inn-keeper's book. It was at Munich, as they were leaving a dinner which had been given them by some learned and distinguished men of Germany, that the trio first heard of the encyclical letter of Gregory XVI. Returning all together to Paris much depressed, but with a determination, formed while at Munich on the solicitations of the Abbé Lacordaire, and even before the reception of the encyclical letter, to abstain from politics, at least for some indefinite period, the condemned journalists resolved, not without resistance on the part of M. de Lamennais, to submit without reserve; and their first step, on the day after their arrival, was to publish their simple and formal adhesion in the public journals.

The papal condemnation fell much more heavily on the illustrious head of M. de Lamennais, now advanced in years, than on those of his two young collaborateurs. Notwithstanding former differences of a serious nature, the Abbé Lacordaire was unwilling to leave M. de Lamennais to himself, and went with him to La Chesnaie in the company of the Abbé Gerbet, hoping still to save him; he stayed there all October and November. Not to speak of his conscience as a priest and as a Christian, reason and prudence alone sufficed to convince the Abbé Lacordaire that this was a time at which it was become more necessary than ever for Catholics to lean upon and unite themselves to the very centre of unity and of faith. For his own part he found no difficulty in retaining his footing on the declivity of the abyss down which he trembled lest M. de Lamennais, desolate, sore wounded, and defeated, should let himself fall. After many harassing debates and melancholy forebodings, he took the resolution of leaving La Chesnaie, seeing no good likely to come from his staying there. Hitherto the fear of mortifying so illustrious a man, and one from whom he had received marks of affection and esteem, in exchange for a respectful and hearty admiration, had made him put off the day of a separation so distressing.

From this day M. de Lamennais and the Abbé Lacordaire were to see each other no more. Still, even after every tie was broken between himself and the "irrestrainable spirit" of the celebrated Breton, the Abbé Lacordaire very properly imposed upon himself a silent and respectful reserve. "M. de Lamennais," he wrote a few months afterwards, "is so profoundly conscientious, disinterested, and unhappy, that it required a whole year of terrible struggles with myself before I could make up my mind to give him up. I should have been a hundred times more unhappy than him, not having, like him, a mind of iron and an established fame." After this solemn shipwreck of the *Avenir*, the Abbé Lacordaire could not disguise from himself that he needed time to dispel many prejudices entertained against him both by the friends and by the enemies of M. de Lamennais. He thought of returning to private life, to a life divided between study and preparation, preaching and writing. He went again to see M. de Quélen, who received him with the same kindness, and immediately retired to his modest convent of the Visitation.

Behold him, then, established once more in the same retreat which had received him on his quitting the seminary; there he intended to write and to prepare himself for preaching—"those two things without which life would not be complete." He gave himself six years

to compose a book on "The Church and the World in the Nineteenth Century." In order to try what kind of preaching he was fitted for, he preached, this same year, "in the college with success, but in a parish-church in a manner which dissatisfied him." "This is the second time," he remarked, "that I have experienced how little sympathy exists between my character of mind and an ordinary congregation. My voice, besides, is not strong enough for a church, and I should ruin my lungs in a very short time. Preaching to young men is my *forte*. Whenever I have had to speak to them in our college-chapels, I have produced some good. However, I read St. Augustin, whom I am very fond of. He is a man of simplicity and nature, though somewhat subtle, and his history interests me peculiarly." He grew more and more enthusiastic in his reading of this holy Father: "He is a man subtle rather in style than in matter, and of all the Fathers the one who contains the deepest thoughts on religion; besides that, coming amongst the last in order of time, he has the advantage of presenting in sum the doctrine of his predecessors. He is the St. Thomas of the primitive age."

But the Abbé Lacordaire was already too well known and too much appreciated to remain long in the shade. The director of the College Stanislas was anxious that he should come and preach in the chapel of the institution; and the winter of 1834 did not pass away before it had been made evident, by a course of extraordinary success, that the Christian pulpit had added one name the more to its roll of eloquent men. The narrow limits of the chapel were not sufficient to contain all the men of eminence who crowded there to listen to the new orator. The Abbé Lacordaire had already begun to preach extempore; he made it his constant practice. He felt that he had no influence over souls but by this means, and renounced from this moment all written discourses. He gave loose to his extemporaneous eloquence with all the enthusiasm of youth and liberalism which so strongly excites young hearts. The government almost took the alarm, and it was imagined in more than one quarter that the Abbé Lacordaire was "a sort of fanatical republican, capable of upsetting the minds of many young men." The *Conferences* of the Stanislas were to cease.

This passage in the life of the Abbé Lacordaire was still further marked by two important circumstances. The management of a political and religious journal was offered to him, which he had the wisdom to decline. "I had no wish to enter again on the career of journalism; I have served my time, short as it was, and received wounds enough to be invalidated." At this time, too, he believed it to be his duty to separate "formally" from M. de Lamennais, and he published the first work of any length that had emanated from his pen under the title of "Considerations on the Philosophical System of the Abbé de Lamennais."

This pamphlet of two hundred pages was, of course, differently estimated. Some, and these were the majority, saw in it a proper satisfaction offered to the Bishops and Catholics of France, and thought it was creditable to a man like the Abbé Lacordaire to avow, by an effort always painful to self-love, that he had been in error upon a whole system of philosophy. Others thought that he would have done still better in continuing to preserve silence, out of regard for an old-standing and honourable friendship. The Abbé Lacordaire himself hesitated a long time before taking this public step. He consulted M. de Quélen, who had had little cause, as is well known, to commend the meekness of M. de Lamennais. It should be mentioned here to the honour of the memory of the Archbishop of Paris, that he dissuaded the Abbé Lacordaire from all publication, forewarning him that by such a course he would make himself many enemies, and be blamed by some. This advice of M. de Quélen, so full of charity, deferred Lacordaire's resolution. He returned to it only under the conviction of a fresh and urgent necessity, and not till the "Words of a Believer" had made their appearance.

This book completed the estrangement of the greater part of those Catholic friends who had hitherto remained faithful to M. de Lamennais; M. de Gerbet himself

separated from him publicly. Never was the determination of the Abbé Lacordaire more completely justified in his own conscience as well as in that of every body. Besides, the pamphlet which he had published was expressed in terms of the most perfect propriety. It observed all due regard to personal feelings; "affection, old recollections, regret, respect, a thousand noble sentiments" were discoverable throughout. He declared "that the system of philosophy advocated by M. de Lamennais had thrown him into perplexities without end; that at last he had come to a decision"—this appears from what has been here related—"only on the eve of 1830, and then rather from weariness of mind than thorough conviction; and that in the very midst of his labours for the *Avenir*, there had passed through his mind, from time to time, philosophical apparitions of a menacing character." He modestly confessed that "struggling against an intellect superior to his own, and having chosen to struggle against it unaided, it was impossible but that he must be vanquished."

The general tone of the Abbé Lacordaire's publication was so full of moderation as even to cast a veil over the usual brilliancy of his style. It is true that you recognised in it the characteristics of his mind, but subdued by a certain indescribable shade of sadness and reserve. The most remarkable features in the composition were the preliminary chapter on the "Present State of the Church in France;" some beautiful passages on the Papacy and on Rome, written in a spirit of filial affection; and some striking quotations, admirably translated, from St. Augustin and from St. Thomas. St. Thomas had become, after St. Augustin, his favourite reading. In his eyes the principal fault in the philosophy of M. de Lamennais had been that of placing the authority of mankind side by side with the Church, and preferring the former.

After preaching with success at the Stanislas, the Abbé Lacordaire went to see the banks of the Rhine, and to seek his friend M. de Montalembert in Germany. He visited Marbourg and its church in the company of the young biographer of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Then he plunged deeper than ever into the reading of the holy Fathers, and of that St. Augustin where he "found so many unknown riches to the pursuit of which he was thus incited." He thought it advisable besides, to keep aloof from the world. The *Avenir*, the journey to Rome, his contest with M. de Lamennais, had brought him before the public in a way which was too premature and too complicated for him not to feel the need of retirement for solitude and labour. "While reading St. Augustin most assiduously," his mind already began to recur to that vast subject which had occupied it long before, and upon which he wished to collect and arrange his ideas. He still proposed writing his book on "The Catholic Church," in which he intended to consider it "philosophically, politically, morally, and dogmatically. It is the business of a life. What will present itself to be done on the way, I know not. Perhaps I shall be interrupted: but I shall always return to it as to the central point, the focus of my life."

However, the sound of the preacher of the Stanislas had penetrated beyond the walls of a college. And in 1835 the constant, determined patronage of M. de Quélen, rising superior to the influences of adverse opinion, opened to the Abbé Lacordaire the pulpit of Notre Dame.* It is well known what a sensation he produced in the metropolitan church of Paris during the Lents of 1835 and 1836. At the close of these Conferences, which were now to be interrupted for some time, M. de Quélen, when giving vent to his paternal feelings in a parting benediction, bestowed upon him the title of a "new prophet."

[To be continued.]

* The Archbishop, M. Quélen, had established at Notre Dame a course of *conferences*, or doctrinal instruction, intended principally for the young students. Several celebrated as well as young preachers made their appearance there, and at first lectured alternately; among the rest the Abbé Dupanloup.

Reviews.

The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems. By Henry Taylor, Author of "Philip van Artevelde." London, Moxon.

WHAT is poetry? All men will answer, that they very well know; and in truth, and in the deepest meaning of the word, they do know; that is, they recognise it when they meet with it, and untaught, and as by an intuitive knowledge, they write it. We do not of course mean that men will observe the rules of poetry untaught, or that previous to the cultivation of the poetic taste, or in the absence of poetic genius, the poetry will be good; but that it will still have in it sufficient to shew, that whatever is the simplest element in poetry, whatever is that necessary something which constitutes it poetry, requires neither explanation nor instruction to be apprehended by the human mind.

From the first uncouth attempt of the little child, who modestly hides his work, or shews it with a blush, in which there is a vast array of high-sounding words in proportion to the number of ideas conveyed, to the passionate and imaginative effusions of the ardent young man, where, as might be expected, passion and imagery form the staple of the composition; and, again, to the more chastened, reflective, and deeper production of maturer years,—in all these widely-differing creations of the mind, there is still that something in common which makes us give to them the name of poetry.

When called, however, to define what poetry is, independent of the harmony and metre, the case is very different, and no two people will perhaps exactly agree in their definition, nay, no one perhaps will be quite satisfied with his own, and will allow that at best, as a definition, it is imperfect. Thus some will say that poetry is the exalted language of the passions and of the imagination combined. This, however, if satisfactory, would be only to shift the difficulty a step back, as it may then become a question, what the imagination really is. Not surely the simple power of building up and reproducing images with the fidelity of a daguerreotype. As Wordsworth has well observed, with reference to a definition of this kind, given in *British Synonyms discriminated*, by W. Taylor: "It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images. If . . . (it) bear the above meaning and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the poet is 'all compact;' he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape?" He proceeds to define it, not as the mere faithful reproduction of images existing in the mind, of external but absent objects, but as "denoting operations of the mind upon those objects and processes of creation or of composition governed by certain fixed laws."* All this he continues to enlarge upon and exemplify; and if we should accept what he says as a full definition, as it certainly is a true account, as far as it goes, of the meaning of the word 'imagination,' still the question recurs,—Is poetry merely the exalted language of passion and imagination combined? In other words, is it merely passion clothed in such language as, according to Wordsworth's explanation of the word, the faculty of the imagination supplies? That some have appeared to think so, and that much poetry has been written of which this would be a fair description, we do not deny; but that it is a true definition of that which constitutes the essence of poetry, no reflecting person can for a moment admit; and if any did so, the works of the highest and most consecrated names would rise before him, to give the lie to his assertion; and indeed the notion is far less current than it was some time ago. Some entertain a misty notion of poetry, with which they are well satisfied, without taking the trouble of analysing it—a notion something like that with the simplicity of which M. Jourdain, in Molire's laughable comedy of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, was so much delighted; namely, that poetry is the contrary to prose, so that all that is not prose is poetry. Such persons are apt to have also a confused notion that poetry is the language of exaggeration, while prose is that of truth

* Preface to the edition of 1815 of Wordsworth's Poems, pp. xxii. xxiii.

and common sense; so that it would seem from this view, that it is the actual unreality of poetry which is the source of our delight, as presenting us with forms more beautiful, colours brighter, and feelings more intense than any which have their counterpart in nature or in truth.

Others, again, would describe poetry as the imagination at work upon every subject capable of being expressed in its language. Thus, not only the passions and affections, but all the moral sentiments and principles, the whole world of mind, in short, would be its legitimate province; and if so, the world of matter also; for as nature is a parable, and symbolic of truths purely spiritual, so again spiritual truths and the attributes of the mind are imaged forth in nature, and lie indeed at the very root of language; nay, are essential to the very possibility of a common intelligible language between any two individuals, at least in our present condition. Thus may nature be personified, as it were, and so be treated of poetically; nay, its very description will be poetic, as speaking a language; and the actions, affections, passions, as well as the higher powers of the mind, may be represented under material imagery; and thus, by an interchange, springing out of this analogy, is poetry produced.

But, after all, is not this an unsatisfactory definition, though to a certain extent a true one? For it is hard to perceive where the true distinction lies here, between that which is poetry and that which can lay no claim to the appellation; since all language, as it has been remarked, is made up of imagery, and the epithets applied to, and qualities predicated of mind, are all drawn from the properties of material bodies. It can hardly be, therefore, that the difference consists in this,—that, in the one case, the image is forgotten in the common adaptation of the word; while in the other, poetry gives it a perceptible, a distinct, and a glowing reality, which is the sole source of the pleasure we derive, and the sole foundation of the distinction we make between what we call poetry, and that to which we do not give the name. It certainly appears to us, that there is a confusion here between the instruments of which poetry makes use, the materials it employs, and the mode of its operations—which are a distinct subject of consideration—and its real essence and nature. If we may presume to add our own idea, fully convinced, of course, of its equal liability to the imperfection attendant on the current definitions referred to, but merely as a hint of what appears to us a main ingredient in the poetic element, we should be disposed unhesitatingly to pronounce that *truth* emphatically is the soul, the foundation, the life, the spirit of poetry.

Let us be understood. We do not, of course, mean that every concrete, every accidental truth, is necessarily poetic. There is nothing poetic in the fact, that you have just paid a visit to a friend, that you have now come in and taken off your hat and gloves. Neither is the expression of every scientific truth, or the enunciation of necessary truths in their scientific formulæ, poetic as such. No one thinks of laying claim to that character for the *Principia* of Euclid or the *Principia* of Newton. But what we mean is, that all truth in the abstract is at the foundation, and constitutes the essence of poetry, and its very life. Truth is not a dead thing, but a living; yea, mind and life itself: for the Highest Truth—He who is emphatically the Truth—is Mind and Spirit, and the Father of Spirits, God himself. All inferior truth is, as it were, the projection, and shadow, and image of God in his works; and man, who was made to his image, is therefore the reflection of the Divine Mind and its attributes; while Nature, again, is to man as a glass in which he sees his own mind, which was created to be the mirror of Eternal Truth, imaged and made intelligible to him. Thus man especially is the subject and object of poetry, and nature only so far as explaining him and giving him back again to himself. There is, however, another element as yet unconsidered, and that is beauty; but beauty, though intelligibly a distinct idea, is undoubtedly inseparable from truth; and not only inseparable, as something which has a natural and unvarying connexion with it, but in some higher sense, almost out of the reach of words to convey. We may realise it better

by a reference to what we call the Divine attributes, but which we call so from the imperfection and limited nature of our faculties, knowing, as we do, that they are neither separable from God himself, nor from each other, but that He is a Being who is at the same time Infinite and Essential Truth, Beauty, and Love. Now, something of this uncompounded union is exemplified in the Truth and Beauty in which his works are created. They are not separable, but seem, so to say, only two different aspects of one and the same thing.

It will be at once seen that we cannot for a moment admit exaggeration of language or colouring to form any portion of the source of poetic beauty, while truth and common sense are left to prose; nay, rather would we maintain the opposite position, and assert that poetry is truer to nature and truer to all man's deepest feelings than the commonplace language of our every-day intercourse. There the passions, affections, moral sentiments, and high and generous aspirations of the soul, of which the conventional reserve of man in his social intercourse represses the full expression, find their free utterance. Thus to write poetry is often a relief, and felt as such to sensitively reserved, yet ardent minds; and to be enabled to speak out from the secret of their hearts, and, as it were, to lift up their voice and chant to a listening world the deep thoughts, earnest longings, and impassioned tenderness which they could scarce have ventured to pour into the ear of one dear friend—what a luxury do they not find in this! It is not natural—we mean it would not be natural to man unmodified by society—to restrain the animated gesture which the actor, if a good one, endeavours not so much to learn as to remember as his forgotten nature; it is not natural to subdue the excitement of the voice, expressive of every turn of the feelings; it is not natural to bring down the utterance of those feelings to the tame and sober tone of common parlance. And who has not noticed that in some vehement outbreak of indignation, affection, or sorrow, the individual thrown off his guard will in a moment sweep away the shackles in which he lives, and his language unconsciously become lofty and poetic? It is not because such language is exaggerated, and high-coloured, that it is poetic; it is because it is true. Exaggeration, where perceived, acts as a perfect damper to poetry, and utterly quenches its bright and pure flame.

And if all this be true, we cannot rate too highly the efforts of those who are lending the force of their poetic genius to vindicate the whole rightful domain of Poetry, and to help her to fulfil her high mission. Mr. Taylor, the title of whose late volume of poetry heads these remarks, we must consider as holding a very prominent position among those who have been, and of whom we rejoice to say some are still doing this great service to their fellow-creatures. And we do not scruple to call it a *great* service, considering the mighty influence which the character of the poetry of the day exercises in forming the mind, taste, and principles of the young; its mighty influence to elevate, and its mighty influence to corrupt and degrade the whole moral being. We do not scruple to say that, independently of their high merit as poets in other respects, such men as Wordsworth, Taylor, and others we might name as helping more or less the good cause, deserve the thanks, and merit the grateful admiration of their countrymen, for restoring a more truthful and healthy tone to poetry, and for enlarging its domain; making it, as is right, correlative with the whole man, his whole inward as well as outward life, and for banishing from it all false morality, and distorted and overstrained sentiment, calculated to foster both an untrue criterion of taste and an ill-regulated condition of the moral sense. We cannot do better than quote here Mr. Taylor's own words in a very beautiful passage of his "Notes from Life."

"For never let this truth depart from the minds of poets or of those who would cherish and protect them—that the poet and the man are one and indivisible: that as the life and character is, so is the poetry; that the poetry is the fruit of the whole moral, spiritual, intellectual, and practical being; and however, in the imperfection of humanity, fulfilments may have fallen short of aspirations, and the lives of some illustrious poets may have seemed to be at odds with greatness and purity, yet

in so far as the life has faltered in wisdom and virtue, failing thereby to be the nurse of high and pure imaginations, the poet, we may be sure, has been shorn of his beams ; and whatsoever splendour may remain to him, even though, to our otherwise bedarkened eyes wandering in a terrestrial dimness, it may seem to be consummate and the very 'offspring of Heaven, first-born,' yet it is a reduced splendour and a merely abortive offspring as compared with what it might have been, and with what it is in the bounty of God to create, by the conjunction of the like gifts of high reason, ardent imagination, efflorescence of fancy and intrepidity of impulse, with a heart subdued to Him and a pure and unspotted life. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and out of the life are the issues of poetry."

In these sentiments we most cordially concur. The poet, as a kind of prophet of truth, must himself believe and practise what he would teach, else he must count on failing of his effect and being deprived of his prophetic gift. It is man who acts upon man. In reading Mr. Taylor's poetry we feel that we respect and admire the man as well as the poet; and this not only on account of the high tone of the sentiments frequently expressed, but because there is the most convincing stamp upon them of truth, and fulness, and genuineness. Mr. Taylor does not talk much of himself or his own feelings, but he seems to us to project his mind and whole moral being upon his pages, without any apparent attempt to do so; and the result, we think, is both to create a high esteem for the author, and to produce an invigorating and healthy action on our own mind and feelings.

We must add, that, in proportion as poetry is truly poetry, that is, the highest expression of truth, will be the amount of Catholic idea and of Catholic principle which it contains. Thus do we often see a Catholic way of viewing, and describing, and estimating things make its appearance in the writings of gifted individuals external to the fold of the Church. The true poet cannot help being Catholic in a measure, and this often in despite of conscious strong opposition to many Catholic doctrines. We are not speaking here of an array of Catholic imagery and phraseology brought together for mere scenic effect, and from a mere perception of their picturesqueness, so to speak; but of something much truer and deeper, and more unconscious on the part of the writer. Such instances are not unfrequent in Mr. Taylor's pages, and we notice them with the more pleasure because his opposition to the Catholic doctrines which have reference to Christian perfection and the ascetic life are often painfully prominent. This opposition is so evidently founded upon misconception, and upon the jealous affection with which he would guard other truths, with which he supposes these doctrines to interfere, that we cannot but hope that so truthful, so honest, and so candid a mind must work its way at last to a fuller and a wider view on these points. Far rather would we see such avowed opposition than read empty sentimentalising about nuns and convents and all the picturesque paraphernalia of a system inwardly hated, and only used for effect. Mr. Taylor cannot separate his admiration from his approbation. He is too truthful for this, and we think the better of him for it. But a word upon this subject by and by, when we notice the poems themselves.

Sarawak; its Inhabitants and Productions: being Notes during a Residence in that Country, &c. By Hugh Low. London, Bentley.

THIS volume, dedicated to Mr. Brooke, is written by his secretary. It is well put together, and communicates much valuable information. We will endeavour, within what space we can afford, to give our readers a general idea of its contents.

Borneo is supposed to have been first peopled by the Chinese; but its name is derived from that of Brunei, the patronymic of one of the first Portuguese settlers. It is, says Mr. Low, a curious circumstance, that although the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch, so long contended for the spice-trade of the Moluccas, they all for a time so totally neglected this beautiful and fertile island in their immediate vicinity. Its natural vegetation is luxuriant, and more valuable, because of much longer duration, than that of most tropical climates;

and with but little cultivation, there are few important articles of commerce which it would not produce. It is only for a few weeks that the effect of winter ever becomes discernible.

In geographical features Borneo presents us with great variety. It has high mountains, magnificent rivers, and probably in the northern part of the island considerable plains. The principal mountain-peak, which, at some little distance, forms a beautiful feature in the scenery of the country, is called the "Kina Balou (or Chinese Widow), and is said to derive its name from the circumstance of its summit having been in former times the residence of a female spirit of great beauty, of whom, we are told, a Chinese prince of Brunei became enamoured; and, wishing to obtain her in marriage, made a journey, intending to visit her residence; but, losing his footing, fell over one of the rocky precipices near the top, and was killed."

From its proximity to volcanoes of the most frightful activity, we might naturally expect to find indications of their existence in this island; but as yet nothing more than a single spring of warm water, and one of naphtha, have been discovered to warrant the supposition.

The natural riches of the country (as we have seen to be the case in too many fatal instances before), instead of being made a means of blessing to the inhabitants, have been converted into a curse; for it is from the time the mineral wealth of Borneo was discovered, when the Malay government first began to work the mines of antimony ore, that the oppression and consequent rebellion of the Dyaks, and other aboriginal tribes, must be dated.

Besides so abundant a supply of antimony, there are rich veins of gold, and beautiful diamonds: the Sultan has one, egg-shaped, valued at 269,378*l.*; he is, however, afraid to shew it to strangers, and keeps an exactly similar crystal for that purpose.

The climate of Borneo is found to be very healthy, and not nearly so oppressive to Europeans as a hot summer-day in England.

Of the indigenous vegetables, the cabbage of the palm called *nibong* is the most esteemed. It is taken from the heart of the tree, being formed of the unexpanded leaves, which are of a delicate whiteness, and of a sweet, nutty flavour. It is not, however, often eaten; for the tree is itself too valuable to be thus destroyed.

There are various species of palms; some are of great importance to the natives in the construction of their temporary dwellings; and from others they extract sugar, salt, and, by merely making an incision in the bark, obtain from a single tree several gallons a day of a very agreeable kind of drink. The leaves of the palm are not unfrequently found twenty feet long.

The seeds of other forest-trees might be made to produce gums and very valuable oils, by merely instructing the natives in the mode of doing it. They are aware of the existence of various kinds of caoutchouc, and manufacture the "gutta percha" or "niato," properly "gutta suban," into all sorts of vessels for domestic purposes. There are upwards of sixty species of valuable timber on the island; some which, under any circumstances, can never decay.

The following description of the native plants is one of the prettiest in the book :

"Perhaps the most gorgeous of the native plants are the various species of rhododendron: their large heads of flowers are produced in the greatest abundance throughout the year. They much exceed in size that of any known in Europe, frequently being formed of eighteen flowers, which are of all shades, from a pale and rich yellow, to a rich reddish salmon-colour; in the sun the flowers sparkle with a brilliancy resembling that of gold-dust. One variety grows to a shrub of ten feet in height, having at the point of every branch a large loose spike of rich crimson flowers; the head of the flowers is frequently three feet in height from the foliage—rarely less than two, forming, with the bracts and stems, which are equally crimson, a magnificent pyramid of flowers, each being relieved by a beautiful white centre and the long protruding stamens; the foliage is also fine, being heart-shaped, very large, and dense. When the plant has ceased flowering, the crimson bracts and calyx which remain are scarcely less gaudy than the flowers; and each calyx contains within itself a four-seeded berry, of the richest blue colour."

THE RAMBLER.

"Another flower, also greatly to be admired, is the pitcher-plant. The pitchers, which are usually crimson, and in some instances contain upwards of a pint of water, precisely resemble real pitchers, being furnished also with a lid; that part which is broadest, and turned towards the midrib of the leaf from which it depends, has two broad wings attached to it, beautifully ciliated with large cilia. The broad pitcher—for it produces two kinds—is generally crimson: the long pitcher differs from the other in its trumpet-shape and green colour, spotted with crimson. The flower I have not seen; but the leaves, which are moderately large and broad, are dark green above, and of a fine peach-coloured red beneath. Six plants of this kind are now in England, but have not yet produced their pitchers."

Rich fruits abound in Borneo in great luxuriance, the names of which are not even known in Europe; from some of them an intoxicating liquor is made, much esteemed by the Dyaks. In the animal kingdom deer are the most abundant, monkeys and the orang-utan. The larger wild animals are not often found. Borneo is not so much as many other other tropical countries infested with reptiles, and those which exist are comparatively innocuous. Its fishery, and that of the neighbouring coasts, might, under proper management, become the finest in the world.

Having now noticed most of the natural productions of the island, it is necessary to take some account of its political divisions. The Arab Xerif, or lineal descendant of Mahomet, is said to have married the daughter of the last infidel king of Bruni, or Borneo Proper, about the end of the fifteenth century, and thus Mahomedanism became established, and the Malays confirmed in their possession of a great part of the island. There are various tribes of them on the sea-coast, more or less mingled with the natives; these form several distinct kingdoms, as do also the Kyans, land and sea Dyaks, and other aboriginal races who dwell in the interior. The government appears to have been at different times despotic or oligarchical, according as the power of the prince or nobles prevailed. In the principal Malay kingdom, to which we are now alluding, a peculiar law prevails by which the heir to the throne is always looked upon as second in distinction to the sovereign, not in name only but in power and authority; no minister can be placed over him, nor any measure of importance determined without his sanction.

Slavery is commonly practised among the Malays; and it is customary with them to send expeditions into the interior of the country to take into servitude as many as they can by any means contrive to entrap of the native population.

Mr. Low says that he can as yet give no succinct account of what the creed of the Dyaks is; it is certain they regard changing it in no other light than as an improvement of their temporal condition, and are very ready to adopt what their masters may think fit to desire. Might they not, thus unbiassed, without false prejudice, and with no deep-rooted convictions to overcome, be without much difficulty brought back into the fold of Christ?

Many schools are established in Sarawak for the education of children, as the neglect of providing for their instruction reflects disgrace upon the parents. These institutions are kept usually by priests; and, of course, the sons only are educated in them,—the girls and women, as in other Eastern nations, being never allowed to go abroad.

Mr. Brooke has divided the most important tribe of the interior into two classes, the Land and Sea Dyaks: among the latter, who are the most savage and powerful, the practice of preserving the heads of their enemies, anciently instituted that they might be kept as memorials of triumph, has degenerated from its originally sufficiently barbarous intention into a passion for the possession of these horrid trophies, no matter how obtained.

They appear to live, in other respects, much the same as other savages, their customs and contrivances having no peculiar novelty about them. Under such circumstances, we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that the following description is exactly correct:

"In general appearance the sea Dyaks have the advantage of the Malays and land tribes, being of a higher, though still short, stature, well made, and with limbs of excellent propor-

tions; a subdued and calm, but resolute air; an imposing carriage, walking with a light and graceful step, and peculiarly self-possessed bearing: these qualities impress the stranger more favourably than the smaller stature, less elegant figures, darker features, and more cunning expression of the countenance of the Malays."

The whole of the sea tribes dispose of their dead by burial, which, together with their not abstaining from the flesh of animals, induces Mr. Low to suppose that they never could have professed the Braminical faith, which the land tribes evidently did. Although, in common with other savage nations, they bury all sorts of property with their deceased friends, they have no distinct conception of the soul's immortality; some assert that the spirits of the departed wander amongst the mountains, but the general notion on the subject is vague and indistinct.

"The hill Dyaks are of a peculiarly quiet and amiable disposition; they are not easily roused to anger, or to the exhibition of any other passion or emotion, except during their periodical festivals; crime is so rare among them, that its punishments are only known from tradition; and they live at present in a state of happiness and contentment which, perhaps, is at this time enjoyed in so high a degree by no other people upon earth."

Surely the latter part of this sentence must be a little apocryphal. We know that every body has a different standard of happiness; but our author must have formed a marvellously low opinion of the blessings of life before he thus sang the praises of these half-naked savages.

In many parts of the interior of the island the ruins of some fine buildings have been discovered, supposed to have been used for devotional purposes: there may also be seen not unfrequently, scattered about, images of brass and stone, curiously-formed jars, and other specimens of sculpture, tokens that a people better versed in the arts than the present inhabitants must have had possession of the country in former years. It has been before mentioned, that it appears probable to have been the Bramins; for, in the imperfect mythology of the country, traces still exist of Hindoo faith and practice; and the figure of the cow, carved on altars and sacred vessels, attests the devout esteem in which it must have been held.

At present the spirit of all these things has passed away; the people cannot comprehend the principles that actuated their ancestors, and retain old forms as such merely, not understanding their import.

Mr. Low gives a description of an idolatrous festival, at which he appears to have made no scruple of enacting the part of priest, offering sacrifices of propitiation to the heathen gods, and beseeching them, in a set and regular form of prayer, to look down favourably upon himself and fellow-worshippers.

On the whole, Mr. Low's volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of this now interesting kingdom; and the more so, as he abstains from theorising on what he could not possibly know; giving us facts, instead of accounting for them; and telling us what he saw, heard, and learned, instead of presenting us with a cut-and-dried exposition of Sarawak religion, and habits of thought and feeling. The illustrations, too, look as truthful as the book itself.

The Book of Snobs. By W. M. Thackeray. London, Punch Office.

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH has here collected in one volume his stray Snob Papers in *Punch*. We think the original misnomer of the whole is even more apparent than when we smiled over the chapters one by one; for they are hardly funny enough to bring forth a good hearty, noisy laugh. If our view of Snobs and Snobbism be correct, Mr. Thackeray has used the terms in a sense far different from their common meaning among common people. We take it that nobody in the world ever thought of classing nine-tenths of the various species of men, women, and boys, here sketched, under the category of *Snobs*. They are all fools, to be sure; all impudent pretenders; all creatures to be laughed at in books, and avoided in reality; but *Snobs* is the very last thing we should call them. Mr. Thack-

eray identifies Snobbishness with "prentce." Every man that apes that which is not his own, he calls a Snob. He even ventures on a professed definition,— "*He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob.*" And so he embraces, in his world-wide definition, James the First as a Scotch Snob, George the Fourth as an English Snob, and Louis the Fourteenth as a French Snob. Now, to our notions, a *Snob* is simply the contrary to a *gentleman*; and there is many a silly, foolish puppy, and many a fond imitator of the little great and great little, who is yet very far from Snobbishness; while many a man of sense, talent, and piety, yet comes under the ugly designation.

To be Snobs, as men use the word, people must be not merely silly in mind, but vulgar in manner. The very notion implies a certain external want of refinement, of deference for other persons' tastes, and a display of *self*. The Snob has a certain "*Je ne sais quoi*" about him that offends the sensitive and polished, but which, nevertheless, is by no means the universal characteristic of every body who is "a mean admirer of mean things." He exists in all ranks, in the highest and the lowest; and we heartily wish we could say that no good and honest men were ever Snobs, even in the mildest form of the disease. Unhappily, a man may be a most worthy fellow, and yet a Snob; he may be just the man whose opinion we would ask on any important matter, and who yet may prick us in our tenderest part by his unmistakeable vulgarity; we may like him for our friend, or our doctor, or our lawyer, or our adviser in morals, and yet he may *run into us* at the dining-table, or in the drawing-room, till our fastidious delicacy winces again. In short, there is no denying it, that there are many most worthy individuals in the world who are nevertheless unmitigated Snobs.

To turn, however, to Mr. Titmarsh and *his* notions of Snobs. His chapters are often full of life and colour; but, on the whole, there are too many of them. An author is really hardly fair to himself when he gathers together his *Punch* papers and makes a book of them. Who could read *Mrs. Caudle's Lectures* straight through, page after page, from beginning to end? Think of the *Comic Blackstone* studied from chapter the first to chapter the last, like a novel! And so we should say to popular writers of hebdomadal jokes, "Beware of *volumes!*" People cannot read a big book of fun in cold blood. They first laugh, then smile, then look solid, then groan, then shut up the book, and then protest it is all too bad, and a take-in.

In case any of our readers are not diligent students of *Punch*, and therefore have not read these sketches as they came out, we give an extract on Literary Snobs.

"What will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to égorger his own flesh and blood?

"My dear and excellent querist, whom does the schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the state any service.

"But the fact is, that in the literary profession there are no Snobs. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

"Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend *Mr. Punch's* person, and say *Mr. P.* has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty; does this argue malice on my part towards *Mr. Punch*? Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does his duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

"An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis, is eminently valuable and impartial. In his *History of Ernest Clay*, a crack magazine writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society. He takes the *pas* of Dukes and Earls; all the nobility crowd to see him: I forget how many Baroneses and Duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken Countesses and dear Marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in this periodical.

"If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage! She seldom introduces you to anybody under a Marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in *Ten Thousand a Year*, except perhaps the *Young Duke*, and *Coningsby*. There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear sir—to true blood.

"And what linguists many of our writers are! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease, which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except Paul de Kock) knows a word of English.

"And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of James, so admirable for terseness; and the playful humour and dazzling off-hand lightness of Ainsworth? Among other humorists, one might glance at a Jerrold, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; an à Beckett, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a Jeames, whose pure style, and wit unmixed with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

"Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us have not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as Keats and Tennyson; but on the other hand it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that Review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenaeum* is well known: and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

"Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a Lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a Duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

"That sense of equality and fraternity amongst authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

"Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign: and it is probable that towards the end of the season one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

"They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

"Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They

are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

" If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?"

*Transactions of the Society of Arts for 1846-47.**

FROM the greatly improved character and tone of its public meetings, and the evidence of an active and ready sympathy with the wants and spirit of this great practical age, afforded by the nature of the contents of the elegantly got-up volume before us, we cannot but be made cognisant of the fact, that this patriarch of all Art Societies in England has, like another Jason, renewed its lease of life, and, stimulated by the animating sensation of young and vigorous existence, is girding up its loins for another career, whose usefulness and reputation may, perhaps, even tarnish the laurels it has already gained.

In luxury of typographical embellishment it would be hard to surpass this number of the *Transactions*. At the beginning and termination of each article, an attempt is made, in a series of elegantly conceived and tastefully drawn vignettes, to revive the head and tail-pieces of the old printers; and if our perceptive faculties are not strangely at fault, we shall not be far wrong in attributing their design to a gentleman whose labours, as both artist and teacher of art, are well known to the public; we allude to Mr. Townsend. Without wishing in any degree to invalidate the time-honoured accuracy of the old proverb, that "good wine needs no bush," we are free to confess, that all these outward and visible graces add very much to our enjoyment of almost every variety of intellectual delicacies.

In the present instance, the promise held out by the first impression of the exterior of the volume is maintained by the interior; and it would be hard to find, condensed in so small a space, a series of highly scientific papers possessing such universal and, at the same time, such individual attraction. The several notices are calculated to provide an interesting *résumé* for the perusal of the amateur, and are also so exhaustive in the minuteness of detail and necessary description, as doubtless to convey much practical information to the artisan and manufacturer.

With all proper deference to royalty, first, in point of sequence, we encounter the Royal Charter of Incorporation, recently granted to the society, confirming to them both local habitation and a name. Next comes the report of the Council for the session 1846-7; and in it we meet with a remark made by the President, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the wisdom and force of which cannot, we think, but come home to the breasts of every one interested in the promotion of national art, and the security of national prosperity. He observed to a deputation waiting on him on the business of the society, that "the manufactures of this country have attained an eminence for solid execution, for perfect finish, for mechanical accuracy, and for cheap production, which distinguish them, in these respects, beyond those of any other country. But there are some countries that excel ours in the beauty of design, in the perfection of colouring, in symmetry of form, and in elegance of pattern: it is the application of the arts of design to the mechanical manufactures of this country that is alone requisite to enable her to stand without a rival. The union of the artist with the workman, the improvement of the general taste of our artificers and of the workmen in general, this is a task worthy of the Society of Arts, and directly in the path of its duty." It is to their judgment in following this excellent advice that the body is indebted for the genial glow that now animates its proceedings, and the revival of those embers which, but a few years ago, seemed completely spent for want of the fanning breath of novelty and popularity.

We shall not now, interesting as the subject is, examine Mr. Digby Wyatt's valuable paper on the History of the Art of Mosaic, more particularly as we understand that he is preparing a much more elaborate work on the same subject; but rather (reserving what we have to say till his book appears) call attention to

the importance to the public security of Mr. E. High-ton's paper on atmospheric electricity, and Dr. Ritterbandt's on the means of preventing the formation of incrustation in steam-boilers. The former, intermingled with many highly original ideas on the important matter of the conducting of lightning, gives some curious details on the mischievous action and on the fantastic tricks played by the electric fluid on the railway telegraphs (where it breaks all sorts of wires, and rings all kinds of bells), and notes the ingenuity with which science has managed to get the better of this somewhat untractable antagonist; the latter exhibits a picture of that beautiful system of induction, which, whether applied to the investigation and treatment of disease in the human subject, or in the theory of inanimate phenomena, leads to the apprehension of remedy, and the application of a specific.

Dr. Ritterbandt knew that numerous accidents had arisen from the bursting of boilers of steam-engines, weakened by the action of an incrustation on their internal surfaces: he found this coating to be derived from the deposition of the carbonate and sulphate of lime contained in the water; then passing through a clear and regular set of hypotheses, he arrived at the conclusion that, by adding muriate of ammonia to the water impregnated with lime, muriate of lime would be precipitated (a substance soluble in water at a high temperature), and that thus the disease might be arrested in its very outset, and the dreadfully dangerous effects of explosion arising from this cause effectually guarded against. The volume, in addition to those already mentioned, contains many other notices of much interest; among them one of Mr. Hay's (of Edinburgh) theories on symmetrical beauty; like most of his, we mean no pun, eminently *hazy*; in fact, here and there bordering on the unintelligible.

The remainder of the volume we have not space to particularise; and can only express a hope that the new régime of this Society may give us many more such volumes of its *Transactions*.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.

Vols. VI. and VII.

[Second notice.]

LORD ERSKINE'S life is more entertaining than Lord Loughborough's, though it contains a less proportion of details hitherto unknown to the unprofessional reader. Lord Campbell writes of his great Whig predecessor with especial zest, telling his tale with his usual unaffected and *déjà-gé* air, and expressing his admiration for the powerful advocate with all a lawyer's veneration.

Erskine's story is also a more *comfortable* one to read, so to say, than that of the rascally Wedderburn. Though neither a very great nor a very good man, and one with whom on certain points we entertain wonderfully little agreement, yet never can we forget that, as a rule, Erskine's genius was ever exerted in the cause of practical freedom; and that if he strove with all his powers to prove that Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* was a "useful book," he also defended Stockdale, and fought the battle of the people against a tyrannical government with a courage of which there is happily little need in our calmer times. His eloquence, and, still more, its astonishing actual success, are among the brightest traditions of Westminster Hall; and exaggerated and overwrought as is our present popular style of fine and pointed writing, we heartily wish that every body would turn back to these records of forensic excellence, and learn that it is possible to be powerful without bombast, and to move the world with sentences worthy of the most finished and classical taste. Oh, that the spouters in and out of Parliament, and the writers of leading articles and political pamphlets, would remember with what grace, what simplicity, what unaffected truth, the people of Athens were led by Demosthenes, and the juries of England by Thomas Erskine!

Lord Chancellor Erskine was the youngest son of a needy Scotch peer, the Earl of Buchan. From his father and mother he learned to rough it in life, and was taught to be a puritan. In the latter art he made no proficiency, though, when in the army, he conformed to

Scotch tastes so far as to preach and pray extempore as a lay-chaplain. Lord Campbell tells us that

" He shewed the versatility of his powers by acting as chaplain to the regiment, the real chaplain being at home on furlough by reason of ill health. At first he contented himself with reading the service from the Liturgy; but he found that this was not altogether relished by the men, who were chiefly Presbyterians. Thereupon, his mind being imbued with the religious notions implanted in it by his mother and the godly divines whom she patronised, he would favour them with an extempore prayer; and he composed sermons, which he delivered to them with great solemnity and unction from the drum-head. He used always to remember and to talk of this portion of his life with peculiar satisfaction."

His boyhood and youth were spent in the army and the navy; but accidentally being interested in a trial at an assize-town where his regiment was quartered, he conceived the idea of becoming a barrister, consulted Lord Mansfield, and, at the age of 25, was admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn. Already he had married, and had a family of young children growing up around him. Soon after he was called to the bar, we have a story which betrays both his poverty and his mock humility.

" Reynolds, the comic writer, in his 'Life and Times,' relates that at this time the villa of his father, an eminent solicitor at Bromley in Kent, was frequently visited by Erskine, of whom he gives the following lively description: ' The young student resided in small lodgings near Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow-beef, because he could not afford any of a superior quality, dressed shabbily, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions to Covent Garden, and used boastingly to exclaim to my father, ' Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord.' "

Suddenly Erskine rose to the highest pitch of professional and political popularity. He made the most lucky hit that ever saved briefless barrister from ruin. One single speech put aside the *cow-beef* for ever, and wealth rolled in upon him in a perennial stream. A certain Captain Baillie was prosecuted for revealing the scandalous malpractices of Greenwich Hospital; Lord Sandwich, the most guilty person, being at the bottom of the prosecution, though not appearing by name. Erskine himself afterwards told the story of his being retained by the Captain:

" I had met, during the long vacation, this Captain Baillie at a friend's table; and after dinner I expressed myself with some warmth, probably with some eloquence, on the corruption of Lord Sandwich as First Lord of the Admiralty, and then adverted to the scandalous practices imputed to him with regard to Greenwich Hospital. Baillie nudged the person who sat next to him, and asked who I was. Being told that I had just been called to the Bar, and had been formerly in the navy, Baillie exclaimed with an oath, ' Then I'll have him for my counsel!' I trudged down to Westminster Hall, when I got the brief; and being the junior of five, who would be heard before me, never dreamed that the Court would hear me at all. Dunning, Bearcroft, Wallace, Bower, Hargrave, were all heard at considerable length, and I was to follow."

The trial being protracted till the following morning, Erskine had the whole night to arrange his thoughts, and when the morning came, he made that celebrated speech which will never be forgotten. Flinging aside the devices with which the underlings of the government attempted to conceal the name of Lord Sandwich, the young barrister brought the real criminal's character before the court, undismayed by the reproofs of the judge; and dragging his enormities into full view, he carried away with him the judges and every hearer, and won a triumph, of which the plaudits have hardly yet died away. When he was afterwards asked how he had the courage to stand up so boldly against Lord Mansfield, he answered, that he thought his little children were plucking him by his robe, and that he heard them saying, " Now, father, is the time to get us bread." At the time, he had scarcely a shilling in his pocket. A successful defence of Lord Keppel immediately afterwards, and a gift of 1000*l.* from his grateful client, at once drove poverty far away, and, with his usual gaiety of disposition, he hurried to Bromley, to shew his wealth to the Reynolds, exclaiming, " Voila! the nonsuit of *cow-beef*, my good friends."

His next triumphs were in attacking the Almanack monopoly, in defending Lord George Gordon, and in defying Justice Buller to the teeth, when the judge

strode to wring from the jury an avowal that they were not called on to prove whether an alleged libel were really libellous, but simply to state whether the accused party were the publisher. Let us here, however, note his speech in defence of duelling, in proof of the great change which has taken place since such unchristian sentiments could be avowed in an English court of justice. Among other things, he said, referring to the man-of-war's captain, who had been challenged by Erskine's client:

" Although I was placed on board his ship, to reverence him as my father, by the command of my own, and although at this hour I do reverence him in that character, yet I feel that if he had treated me in that manner, I should not have made Jamaica or Bath the limit of my resentments, but would have sought him through all created space, till he had answer made, and done me justice! There are some injuries which even Christianity doth not call upon a man to forgive or to forget, because God, the author of Christianity, has not made our natures capable of forgiving or forgetting them."

In Parliament, where he soon found a seat, Erskine at first failed; nor was his success there at any time equal to his triumphs at the bar. He quailed before Pitt's cold sarcasms and contemptuous neglect; and never but once succeeded in making the haughty minister *feel*.

" He was overpowered by the commanding tone, the sarcastic invective, and the cutting irony of Pitt. At a dinner given by Mr. Dundas at Wimbledon, Addington, Sheridan, and Erskine, being present, the last was rallied on his not taking so prominent a position in the debates in Parliament as his high talents and reputation entitled him to assume, when Sheridan said, ' I'll tell you how it happens, Erskine: you are afraid of Pitt; and that is the flabby part of your character.' "

In December 1789, the famous case of the House of Commons against Stockdale came on for trial. A Mr. Logan, a Presbyterian minister, wrote a violent pamphlet in defence of Warren Hastings, and attacking his parliamentary accusers; and Fox and Burke instigated the House to prosecute the printer, Stockdale. However intemperate the language of the pamphlet, it is clear that the prosecution was a flagrant piece of persecution, and Erskine's successful defence has ever been justly regarded as one of the strongest bulwarks of the liberty of the British press. We give Lord Campbell's account of the result of this most celebrated speech.

" I have been told by my father-in-law, the late Lord Abinger, who was present in court when this speech was delivered, that the effect upon the audience was wholly unexampled; they all actually believed that they saw before them the Indian chief with his bundle of sticks and his tomahawk; their breasts thrilled with the notes of his unlettered eloquence, and they thought they heard him raise the war-sound of his nation. When we now in our closet read the speech with such enthusiasm, what must indeed have been the feelings of those on whom its impression was aided by the voice, the eye, the action of the speaker! It is a curious fact, however, that the jury deliberated two hours before they found a verdict of *NOT GUILTY*. In mitigation of their doubts, and to add to the triumph of the advocate, it should be stated that this trial took place before Mr. Fox's Libel-act,—at a time when juries were told by judges that their only province was to consider whether the writing alleged to be libellous had been published by the defendant."

What has been termed the English "reign of terror" then began. The executive, alarmed at the spread of French opinions, and obstinately determined against admitting the smallest measure of parliamentary reform, crushed by every possible means, both fair and foul, the ebullitions of popular feeling in London and throughout the country; and by their infatuated violence conferred notoriety and power on many a demagogue who would otherwise have preached his follies in obscurity. The most notorious man whom they sought to victimise was the witty, learned, and unprincipled John Horne Tooke. Erskine was retained for him and his fellow-defendants, and brought them through triumphantly. Lord Campbell gives a few amusing stories of Horne Tooke's own coolness and witticisms in the court. Here is one of them as a specimen:

" The Attorney-General, in repelling some insinuations thrown out against him for the manner in which he had instituted these prosecutions, said, ' He could endure any thing

THE RAMBLER.

but an attack on his *good name*; it was the *little patrimony* he had to leave to his children, and, with God's help, he would leave it unimpaired.' He then burst into tears, which, from his lachrymose habit, surprised no one; but, to the wonder of all, the Solicitor-General, not known to be of the melting mood, became equally affected, and sobbed in concert with his friend. Tooke, afraid that the sympathy might extend to the jury, exclaimed, in a stage-whisper, 'Do you know what Sir John Mitford is crying about? He is thinking of the destitute condition of Sir John Scott's children, and the *little patrimony* they are likely to divide among them.'"

Public gratitude now displayed itself towards Erskine in every possible way. On the last night of the trial his horses were taken from his chariot (some people said *they were never returned*), and amidst bonfires and flaming torches he was drawn by the populace to his house in Sergeants' Inn; and when from his window he bid the shouting crowds disperse in quiet, they all went in peace to their homes. The freedom of many corporations was voted to him. His portraits and busts were sold in thousands all over the country. His speeches for the prisoners were read and applauded by all men of cultivation; his political importance with his party rose high, and he had full revenge for Pitt's contemptuous sarcasms. No advocate ever before reached such a position at the bar; and Lord Campbell thinks, that in all probability none will ever hereafter attain such another. In private life he still enjoyed himself as merrily as ever:

"' I am very busy,' he wrote a friend, ' flying my boy's kite, shooting with the bow and arrow, and talking to an old Scotch gardener ten hours a-day, about the same things, which, taken altogether, are not of the value or importance of a Birmingham halfpenny, and am scarcely up to the exertion of reading the daily papers. How much happier it would be for England and the world if the King's Ministers were employed in a course so much more innocent than theirs, and *so perfectly suitable to their capacities!*'"

We have lingered so long on the early portion of the great advocate's career, which to posterity was unquestionably the most important, that we have no space to follow him through his subsequent course, both in and out of Parliament, on the woolsack, and on the bench. We have now only room for one or two anecdotes of his private life when he had become ex-chancellor, having kept the seals for too brief a period; and for Lord Campbell's remarks on the character of his eloquence. Here is certainly one of the most laughably execrable jokes that ever made a table groan with disapprobation.

" The Ex-Chancellor used (but I believe only when he expected his friends to detect him in the act) to take a spade in his hand and pretend to work in his kitchen-garden. On such occasions, he would say, 'Here I am enjoying my 'ctium cum diggin a taity.'"

The following are better, and more witty than humorous:

" He afterwards parted with his property at Hampstead, and bought an estate in Sussex, which turned out an unfortunate speculation, for it produced nothing but stunted birch-trees, and was found irreclaimable. To lessen his loss, he set up a manufactory of brooms. One of the men he employed to sell them about the country being taken before a magistrate for doing so without a license, contrary to the 'Hawkers and Pedlars Act,' he went in person to defend him, and contended there was a clause to meet this very case. Being asked which it was, he answered, 'The *sweeping* clause, your worship—which is further fortified by a proviso, that 'nothing herein contained shall prevent or be construed to prevent any proprietor of land from vending the produce thereof in any manner that to him shall seem fit.'"

" Soon after his resignation he was invited to a *fête* at Oatlands, where the Duchess of York had upon the lawn a number of rare animals, and, among others, a remarkable black monkey with a long white hairy mantle flowing gracefully over his head and shoulders. Erskine was late in appearing; but, at last, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other royal personages, were standing in a group near the entrance to the court-yard, he arrived in a very mean-looking one-horse chaise. He immediately alighted; but, instead of paying his duty to the 'Royalties' before him, he suddenly stepped up to the monkey; and, taking off his hat in a very dignified manner, and making three *coucous*, he addressed the animal in these words, amidst the hearty laugh of all present, 'Sir, I sincerely wish you joy—*You wear your wig for life!*'"

The characteristics of his eloquence Lord Campbell thus describes:

" It is observable that he not only was free from measured sententiousness and tiresome attempts at antithesis, but that he was not indebted for his success to riches of ornament, to felicity of illustration, to wit, to humour, or to sarcasm. His first great excellence was his devotion to his client; and in the whole compass of his orations, there is not a single instance of the business in hand,—the great work of persuading,—being sacrificed to raise a laugh or to excite admiration of his own powers. He utterly forgot himself in the character he represented. Through life he was often ridiculed for vanity and egotism, but not from any thing he ever said or did in conducting a cause in a court of justice. There, from the moment the jury were sworn, he thought of nothing but the verdict, till it was recorded in his favour. Earnestness and energy were ever present throughout his speeches—impressing his argument on the mind of his hearer with a force which seemed to compel conviction. He never spoke at a tiresome length; and throughout all his speeches no weakness, no dulness, no flagging, is discoverable; and we have ever a lively statement of facts, or reasoning pointed, logical, and triumphant. . . . I must likewise mention the delight I feel from the exquisite sweetness of his diction, which is pure, simple, and mellifluous,—the cadences not being borrowed from any model, nor following any rule, but marked by constant harmony and variety. The rhythm of the Indian chief is, I think, more varied, richer, and more perfect, than that of any passage from any other composition in our language."

Such was Lord Erskine,—the most brilliant, the most successful advocate who has ever addressed an English jury. If we look around in vain in Westminster Hall and in Parliament for his equal in the highest powers of oratory, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that such another is not now *needed* for the defence of English liberty. If there is no Erskine to plead, there is no Stockdale to defend. We must, however, turn to Lord Campbell's concluding biography, though we have already trespassed on our space so far as to be obliged to reserve it for a separate notice.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. London, Wiley and Putnam.

Views a-foot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. By J. Bayard Taylor. London, Wiley and Putnam.

The Supernaturalism of New England. By the Author of "The Stranger in Lowell." London, Wiley and Putnam.

We cannot but regard the condition and progress of the literature of the United States with a deep and almost painful interest. The position which they already hold in the kingdoms of the world, and the increase in power and importance which is perhaps destined to them, joined to the peculiarities of their origin as an independent nation, unite to give a special value to every thing which indicates the real condition of the mind of their thronging inhabitants. Difficult as it is to get at the real spirit which, apart from certain conventional and external peculiarities, animates the great heart of the people of America, we should almost be disposed to think that the surest index to her genuine feelings is to be found in the writings of her own literary men, but that they themselves often complain so bitterly of the little estimation in which they are held by a large portion of their countrymen, and of the small pecuniary encouragement which a devotion to a literary life receives. Still, with all these drawbacks, a *genuine* American book is never to be neglected as a token of American progress, and of the coming destinies of America. Whenever a writer in the New World has the courage to be natural, to avoid imitations of European contemporaries, and to think more of what he has to say than of the manner in which he shall say it; such an author is to be read and criticised, not only for his own intrinsic merit, but with a view to gain some little insight into the modes of thought which prevail among the remarkable people of whose ideas he is more or less the expositor.

On the whole we are disposed to think that the two little volumes, in which Mr. Bayard Taylor re-

lates his European wanderings, are fairly entitled to be welcomed in this cordial spirit. Their value, indeed, chiefly arises from the peculiar circumstances which gave them birth, and from certain negative excellences to which they may justly lay claim. They contain nothing that is very new or particularly interesting to the English reader of travels, who is almost as familiar with the scenes here described as with Regent Street or the Strand; nor is their author so free from common prejudices as to have always avoided the nonsense which continental travellers are in the habit of talking about continental religion and customs, or the hasty generalisations in which Americans are wont to indulge about English tyranny and English misery. Yet there is little of this kind of blemish in the book; while it has the very decided merit of being tolerably free from fine writing, from any pretence at universal knowledge, and from that unfortunate mania for drawing needless comparisons, which is the bane of so many of the best writers of the United States.

Bayard Taylor is, indeed, a remarkable man, as no one can deny, when it is said that he travelled for two years through the most celebrated parts of Europe at the cost of only 500 dollars, and that this sum was earned on the road. He was nothing more than a printer's apprentice, not quite out of his apprenticeship, when he formed the design of which this book is the result. We give the story of its commencement in his own letter to Mr. N. P. Willis:—

"**MY DEAR SIR**,—Nearly three years ago (in the beginning of 1844) the time for accomplishing my long-cherished desire of visiting Europe seemed to arrive. A cousin, who had long intended going abroad, was to leave in a few months, and although I was then surrounded by the most unfavourable circumstances, I determined to accompany him at whatever hazard. I had still two years of my apprenticeship to serve out: I was entirely without means, and my project was strongly opposed by my friends, as something too visionary to be practicable. A short time before, Mr. Griswold advised me to publish a small volume of youthful effusions, a few of which had appeared in Graham's Magazine, which he then edited; the idea struck me, that by so doing I might, if they should be favourably noticed, obtain a newspaper correspondence which would enable me to make the start.

"The volume was published; a sufficient number was sold among my friends to defray all expenses; and it was charitably noticed by the Philadelphia press. Some literary friends, to whom I confided my design, promised to aid me with their influence. Trusting to this, I made arrangements for leaving the printing office, which I succeeded in doing, by making a certain compensation for the remainder of my time. I was now fully confident of success, feeling satisfied that a strong will would always make itself a way. After many applications to different editors, and as many disappointments, I finally succeeded, about two weeks before our departure, in making a partial engagement. Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, and Mr. Patterson, of the Saturday Evening Post, paid me fifty dollars, each in advance, for twelve letters to be sent from Europe, with the probability of accepting more if these should be satisfactory. This, with a sum which I received from Mr. Graham for poems published in his magazine, put me in possession of about a hundred and forty dollars, with which I determined to start, trusting to future remuneration for letters, or if that should fail, to my skill as a compositor, for I supposed I could, at the worst, work my way through Europe, like the German handworker. Thus, with another companion, we left home, an enthusiastic and hopeful trio.

"I need not trace our wanderings at length. After eight months of suspense, during which time my small means were entirely exhausted, I received a letter from Mr. Patterson, continuing the engagement for the remainder of my stay, with a remittance of one hundred dollars from himself and Mr. Graham. Other remittances, received from time to time, enabled me to stay abroad two years, during which I travelled on foot upwards of three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I was obliged, however, to use the strictest economy; to live on pilgrim fare, and do penance in rain and cold. My means several times entirely failed; but I was always relieved from serious difficulty through unlooked-for friends, or some unexpected turn of fortune. At Rome, owing to the expenses and embarrassments of travelling in Italy, I was obliged to give up my original design of proceeding on foot to Naples, and across the peninsula to Otranto, sailing thence to Corfu, and making a pedestrian journey through Albania and Greece. But the main object of my pilgrimage is accomplished; I visited the principal

places of interest in Europe, enjoyed her grandest scenery and the marvels of ancient and modern art, became familiar with other languages, other customs, and other institutions, and returned home after two years' absence, willing now, with satisfied curiosity, to resume life in America.—Yours most sincerely,

J. BAYARD TAYLOR."

That a journey begun in such a spirit should produce a good, honest, straightforward, unsophisticated account of all the young printer saw, is only what we had a right to expect. The following story of Christmas rejoicings in Germany is a fair specimen of its style, and will fall in, or rather fall out, with the solemn eating and drinking with which we have lately been celebrating the same happy season at home:—

"**JAN. 2, 1845.**—I have lately been computing how much my travels have cost me up to the present time, and how long I can remain abroad to continue the pilgrimage with my present expectations. The result has been most encouraging to my plan. Before leaving home I wrote to several gentlemen who had visited Europe, requesting the probable expense of travel and residence abroad. They sent different accounts: E. Joy Morris said I must calculate to spend at least 1500 dollars a-year; another suggested 1000 dollars; and the most moderate of all said that it was *impossible* to live in Europe a year on less than 500 dollars. Now, six months have elapsed since I left home—six months of greater pleasure and profit than any *year* of my former life—and my expenses, in full, amount to 130 dollars! This, however, nearly exhausts the limited sum with which I started; but through the kindness of the editorial friends who have been publishing my sketches of travel, I trust to receive a remittance shortly. Printing is a business attended with so little profit here, as there are already so many workmen, that it is almost useless for a stranger to apply. Besides, after a tough grapple, I am just beginning to master the language; and it seems so necessary to devote every minute to study, that I would rather undergo some privation than neglect turning these fleeting hours into gold, for the miser Memory to stow away in the treasure-vaults of the mind.

"We have lately witnessed the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals—Christmas. This is here peculiarly celebrated. About the commencement of December, the Christ-markt or fair was opened in the Roemerberg, and has continued to the present time. The booths, decorated with green boughs, were filled with toys of various kinds, among which, during the first days, the figure of St. Nicholas was conspicuous. There were bunches of wax-candles to illuminate the Christmas tree, gingerbread with printed mottos in poetry, beautiful little earthenware, basket work, and a wilderness of playthings. The 5th of December, being Nicholas' evening, the booths were lighted up, and the square was filled with boys, running from one stand to another, all shouting and talking together in the most joyous confusion. Nurses were going around, carrying the smaller children in their arms; and parents bought presents decorated with sprigs of pine, and carried them away. Some of the shops had beautiful toys, as for instance, a whole grocery store in miniature, with barrels, boxes, and drawers, all filled with sweetmeats; a kitchen, with a stove and all suitable utensils, which could really be used, and sets of dishes of the most diminutive patterns. All was a scene of activity and joyous feeling.

"Many of the tables had bundles of rods with gilded bands, which were to be used that evening by the persons who represented St. Nicholas. In the family with whom we reside, one of our German friends dressed himself very comically, with a mask, fur robe, and long tapering cap. He came in with a bunch of rods and a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. After we all had received our share of the beating, he threw the contents of his bag on the table, and while we were scrambling for the nuts and apples, gave us many smart raps over the fingers. In many families the children are made to say, 'I thank you, Herr Nicolaus,' and the rods are hung up in the room till Christmas to keep them in good behaviour. This was only a forerunner of the Christ-kindchen's coming. The Nicolaus is the punishing spirit, the Christ-kindchen the rewarding one.

"When this time was over, we all began preparing secretly our presents for Christmas. Every day there were consultations about the things which should be obtained. It was so arranged that all should interchange presents, but nobody must know beforehand what he would receive. What pleasure there was in all these secret purchases and preparations! Scarcely any thing was thought or spoken of but Christmas, and every day the consultations became more numerous and secret. The trees were bought sometime beforehand; but as we were to witness the festival for the first time, we were not allowed to see them prepared, in order that the effect might be as great as possible. The market in the Roemerberg Square grew constantly larger and more brilliant. Every

night it was lit up with lamps, and thronged with people. Quite a forest sprang up in the street before our door. The old stone house opposite, with the traces of so many centuries on its dark face, seemed to stand in the midst of a garden. It was a pleasure to go out every evening and see the children rushing to and fro, shouting and seeking out toys from the booths, and talking all the time of the Christmas that was so near. The poor people went by with their little presents hid under their cloaks, lest their children might see them; every heart was glad, and every countenance wore a smile of secret pleasure.

"Finally the day before Christmas arrived. The streets were so full I could scarce make my way through; and the sale of trees went on more rapidly than ever. These were commonly branches of pine or fir, set upright in a little miniature garden of moss. When the lamps were lighted at night, our street had the appearance of an illuminated garden. We were prohibited from entering the rooms up stairs, in which the grand ceremony was to take place, being obliged to take our seats in those arranged for the guests, and wait with impatience the hour when Christ-kindchen should call. Several relations of the family came, and what was more agreeable, they brought with them five or six children. I was anxious to see how they would view the ceremony. Finally, in the middle of an interesting conversation, we heard the bell ringing up stairs. We all started up, and made for the door. I ran up the steps with the children at my heels, and at the top met a blaze of light, coming from the open door, that dazzled me. In each room stood a great table, on which the presents were arranged, amid flowers and wreaths. From the centre rose the beautiful Christmas tree, covered with wax tapers to the very top, which made it nearly as light as day, while every bough was hung with sweetmeats and gilded nuts. The children ran shouting around the table, hunting their presents, while the older persons had theirs pointed out to them. I had quite a little library of German authors as my share; and many of the others received quite valuable gifts.

"But how beautiful was the heart-felt joy that shone on every countenance! As each one discovered he embraced the givers; and all was a scene of the purest feelings. It is a glorious feast, this Christmas time! What a chorus from happy hearts went up on that evening to Heaven! Full of poetry, and feeling, and glad associations, it is here anticipated with joy, and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackles that bears the rust of the Past, but we would certainly be happier if some of these beautiful old customs were better honoured. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen their kindly sympathy; even life-long friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreath that binds them together.

"New Year's Eve is also favoured with a peculiar celebration in Germany. Every body remains up and makes himself merry till midnight. The Christmas trees are again lighted; and while the tapers are burning down, the family play for articles which they have purchased and hung on the boughs. It is so arranged that each one shall win as much as he gives, which change of articles makes much amusement. One of the ladies rejoiced in the possession of a red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to my lot! As midnight drew near, it was louder in the streets, and companies of people, some of them singing in chorus, passed by on their way to the *Zeil*. Finally three-quarters struck, the windows were opened, and every one waited anxiously for the clock to strike. At the first sound such a cry arose as one may imagine when thirty or forty thousand persons all set their lungs going at once. Every body in the house, in the street, over the whole city, shouted '*Prost Neu Jahr!*' In families all the members embrace each other, with wishes of happiness for the new year. Then the windows are thrown open, and they cry to their neighbours or those passing by.

"After we had exchanged congratulations, Dennett, B—, and I set out for the *Zeil*. The streets were full of people, shouting to one another, and to those standing at the open windows. We failed not to cry '*Prost Neu Jahr!*' wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and the words came back to us more musically than we sent them. Along the *Zeil* the spectacle was most singular. The great wide street was filled with companies of men, marching up and down, while from the mass rang up one deafening, unending shout, that seemed to pierce the black sky above. The whole scene looked stranger and wilder from the flickering light of the swinging lamps; and I could not help thinking it must resemble a night in Paris during the French Revolution. We joined the crowd, and used our lungs as well as any of them. For some time after we returned home companies passed by, singing 'with us 'tis ever so,' but at three o'clock all was again silent."

We are afraid that few of our own comicalities have the wit of the Frankfort caricature which our author here describes:—

"I have seen the banker Rothschild several times driving about the city. This one, Anselmo, the most celebrated of the brothers, holds a mortgage on the city of Jerusalem. He rides about in style, with officers attending his carriage. He is a little bald-headed man, with marked Jewish features, and is said not to deceive his looks. At any rate his reputation is none of the best, either with Jews or Christians. A caricature was published some time ago, in which he is represented as giving a beggar-woman by the way-side a kreutzer, the smallest German coin. She is made to exclaim, 'God reward you a thousand fold!' He immediately replies, after reckoning up in his head, 'How much have I then? sixteen florins and forty kreutzers!'"

Here, in another spirit, is a paragraph from the traveller's thoughts in the loudest din of London, which shews that, with all his hard-working, practical energy, the mechanic has the heart of the poet within his sturdy frame:—

"I often thought of Coxe's beautiful ballad, when, after a day spent in Waterloo Place, I have listened, on my way homeward, to the chimes of Mary-le-bone Chapel, sounding sweetly and clearly above all the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibration, which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes weary of a continued toll—the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal—but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning, and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist, or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than its wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry. I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tremulous sweetness, the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away through dark, silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the care-worn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit-voices, which, at such times, speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be, to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss! I love those eloquent bells, and I think there must be many, living out a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The natures of the very Cockneys, who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is, to my mind, invested with one hue of poetry!"

We shall be curious to see the next work which proceeds from Mr. Taylor's pen; but can now only express our hope that he will continue to be natural and unaffected, and will only write when he really has something to say.

The *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe* is both more able, more interesting, and more objectionable than the "Views a-foot." Going over nearly the same ground as Mr. Taylor, the author of the "Scenes" has produced a series of sketches and thoughts, which, as they are the work of a more educated mind, and a more practised and original writer, are more readable and taking than the unpretending narration of his energetic fellow-countryman. Many of his observations on men, books, and things are very clever, and well worth reading and considering, even when we cannot altogether agree in his views. His style also is sufficiently terse and rapid, and generally so free from twaddle, either of the milk-and-water or the tremendous-and-terrible sort, as to keep up the attention, even when the matter consists of nothing that is new or remarkable. Occasionally, indeed, the American gets upon stilts, and strides away with portentous contortions. Thus, for instance, he discourses of Dante with what he himself would call "burning intensity and graphic picturesqueness":—

"Dante's life is his poem. Therein is the spirit of the mighty man incarnated. The life after earthly death is his theme. What a mould for the thoughts and sympathies of a poet, and what a poet, to fill all the chambers of such a mould! Man's whole nature claims interpretation; his powers, wants, vices, aspirations, basenesses, grandeurs. The imagination of semi-Christian Italy had strained itself to bring before the sensuous mind of the South an image of the future home of

the soul. The supermundane thoughts, fears, hopes of his time, Dante condensed into one vast picture—a picture cut as upon adamant with diamond. To enrich hell, and purgatory, and paradise, he coined his own soul. His very body became transfigured, purged of its flesh, by the intensity of fiery thought. Gaunt, pale, stern, rapt, his 'visionary' eyes glaring under his deep-furrowed brow, as he walked the streets of Verona, he heard people whisper, 'That is he who has been down into hell.' Down into the depths of his fervent nature he had been, and kept himself lean by brooding over his passions, emotions, hopes, and transmuting the essence of them into everlasting song."

His patronising observations upon English matters are also occasionally not particularly profound; and his talk about religion in general, but especially about religion in Italy, is as intolerable as it is foolish and superficial. These blots, however, occur but at intervals; and the greater part of the book is intelligent and worth reading.

His first object in England was to make the acquaintance of Wordsworth, in his home at Rydal. We are no friends in general to the impertinence which puts in print the hospitalities of the great; but no one could take offence at our traveller's record of the poet's reception of his admirers:—

"I spent an hour to-day with Wordsworth. His look, talk, and bearing, are just what a lover of his works would wish to find them. His manner is simple, earnest, manly. The noble head, large Roman nose, deep voice, and tall spare figure, make up an exterior that well befits him. He talked freely on topics that naturally came up on the occasion. He proposed that we should walk out into his grounds. What a site for a poet's abode! One more beautiful the earth could scarcely offer. A few acres give shifting views of the paradise about him, embracing the two lakes of Windermere and Grasmere. Would that you could have heard him sum up in hearty English the characteristics of the bounteous scene! We passed a small field of newly-cut hay, which labourers were turning. 'I have been at work there this morning,' said Wordsworth, 'and heated myself more than was prudent.' In the garden a blackbird ran across our path: 'I like birds better than fruit,' said he; 'they eat up my fruit, but repay me with their songs.' By those who, like you, appreciate Wordsworth, these trifles will be prized as significant of his habits. I would not record them, did I believe that himself, with knowledge of the feelings which to us make them valuable, would regard the record as a violation of the sacred privacy of his home. A literary enterer might have seized upon much that would better have served a gossiping hireling's purpose. * * * The walls of the drawing-room and library, connected by a door, in which, with the affable kindness of a refined gentlewoman, Mrs. Wordsworth received ourselves and a few other guests, were covered with books and pictures. Wordsworth shewed me many editions of the British Poets. He put into my hands a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, given him by Charles Lamb. He spoke copiously, and in terms of admiration, of Alston, whom he had known well. In connexion with Alston, he mentioned his 'friend Coleridge.' The opportunity thus offered of leading him to speak of his great compeer was marred by one of the company giving another turn to the conversation. Wordsworth, throughout the evening, was in a fine mood. His talk was clear and animated; at times humorous or narrative. He narrated several lively incidents with excellent effect. We sat in the long English twilight till past nine o'clock."

Our author's thoughts on English and foreign aristocracies are worth noting:—

"To ascribe the short coming of England to the aristocratic principle, were as shallow as to claim for it her many glories. In her development it has played its part according to her constitutional temperament; but her development has been richer and healthier than that of her neighbours, because her aristocracy has had its roots in the people, or rather because (a false aristocracy having been hitherto in Europe unavoidable) her people have been manly and democratic enough not to suffer one distinct in blood to rear itself among them. Compare English with any other aristocracy, and this in it is notable and unique; it does not form a caste. It is not, like the German, or Russian, or Italian, a distinct breed from that of the rest of the nation; nay, its blood is ever renewed from the veins of the people. This is the spring of its life; this has kept it in vigour; this strengthens it against degeneracy. It sucks at the breast of the mighty multitude. Hence at bottom it is that the English peer is in any part of the world a higher personage than the German count or Italian prince. He cannot shew pedigrees with them; and this, a cause of mortification to his pride, is the very source of his superiority."

From a good many acute observations made at Paris, we take the following:—

"A Frenchman, more than other men, is dependent upon things without himself. Nature and his own mind, with domestic interests and recreations, are not enough to complete his daily circle. For his best enjoyment he must have a succession of factitious excitements. Out of this want Paris has grown to be the capital of the world for superficial amusements. Here are the appliances, multiplied and diversified with the keenest refinement of sensual ingenuity, for keeping the mind busy without labour, and fascinated without sensibility. The senses are beset with piquant baits. Whoever has money in his purse, and can satisfy through gold his chief wants, need have little thought of the day or the year. He finds a life all prepared for him, and selects it as he does his dinner from the voluminous *carte* of the restaurant. To live, is for him as easy as to make music on a hand-organ: with but slight physical effort from himself, he is borne along from week to week, and from season to season, on an unresting current of diversions. Here the sensual can pass years without satiety, and the slothful without *ennui*. Paris is the Elysium of the idler, and for barren minds a Paradise. * * *

"It is the nature of high poetry to bind the individual to the universal. Corneille and Racine live in a middle atmosphere between the two. They have not the rich sensibility, which, united on the one hand to high reason, reveals to the poet the primal laws of being, and on the other with powers of minute observation, imparts liveliness to his embodiments. They are neither minute nor comprehensive; hence their personages are vague and prosaic. The highest quality of their tragedies is a refined and skilful rhetoric. Their verse is like bas-relief: the parts follow one another in a graceful, well-jointed sequence; but there is no perspective, no deep vistas, breeding as you pass them suggestions and subtle sensations. Their personages leave nothing to your imagination; they are terrible egotists; they do most thoroughly 'unpack their souls with words'; they give measured speech to feelings which at most should find but broken utterance. * * *

"Voltaire had not soul enough to put him in direct communication with the heart of the universe. Whatever implied emotion, came to him at second-hand, through his intellect. He was not a great poet, a creator; he was a great demolisher. Let him have thanks for much that he did in that capacity. * * *

"The French beat the world in milliners, in tailors, in porcelain, in upholstery, in furniture; their *or molu* is unrivalled, so are their mouselines and silks; but not so is their painting, or their sculpture, or their music, or their poetry. In the ornamental they are unequalled, but not in the creative. Their sphere is the artificial and conventional: their sympathy with nature is not direct and intense. Their ideal in art is not the result of a warm embrace with nature, but of a methodical study of established masters. With their poets and artists the aim and motive in labour is too much the approval of Paris, where humanity is so bedizened by artifice, that the smile and melody of nature are scarce discernible."

The Prussian system, as might be expected, finds little favour in our author's eyes. An Englishman will, on the whole, agree in his judgment of the effects of that cold despotism, now at length apparently yielding a little to the pressure of the times:—

"We are now in the heart of Rhenish Prussia. The civil government of Prussia is after the military model. The king is the commander-in-chief of the nation, and the schoolmaster is his drill-sergeant. The boys are taught in such a way that the men shall fall readily into the ranks of obedience. A uniform is put upon their minds, and, as with the rank and file of a regiment, the uniformity is more looked to than the fitness. The government does all it can to save men the pain of thought and choice, and if it could, would do every thing. The officers of administration having the intelligence and industry of the cultivated German mind, and these being every where the German solidity and honesty, the system bears some good fruit—such virtue is there in order and method, though only of the mechanical sort. Prussia is a well-managed estate, not a well-governed country; for good government implies a recognition of the high nature of humanity, the first want of which is freedom. The only basis whereon the moral being of man can be built up is individual independence. To reach that higher condition of freedom, where he shall be emancipated from the tyranny of self, of his own passions, he needs first of all to be free from that of his fellows. The one freedom is only possible through the other."

At Bonn, our traveller records his impressions of two illustrious Germans whom he had met there on a former occasion:—

"I had stopped, with an English fellow-traveller and student, to see Niebuhr and A. W. Schlegel, who were professors

in the University of Bonn. Schlegel kept us waiting some time in a neat drawing-room, where hung a portrait of Madame de Staél. He then came in hurriedly, adjusting the tie of his cravat. He was affable and lively, and in his dress, bearing, and conversation, seemed anxious to sink the professor, and appear the man of the world. Niebuhr was out, but came in an hour to the hotel to see us. He was a tall, striking man, and spoke English perfectly. The sight of an American seemed to excite his mind. He plied me with questions about our institutions and customs. Doubtless his thoughts were often busied and puzzled with the new historical phenomenon of the great Republic, whose huge bulk was heaving itself up portentously in the far west. But Niebuhr was not the man to seize its significance or embrace its grandeur. His mind was exegetical and critical, rather than constructive and prophetic."

The following are two or three of the most unprejudiced of the American's "Thoughts and Narrations in the Eternal City":—

"We visited this morning the convent of the Sacré Cœur on the Trinitá del Monte. This is a sisterhood of French ladies, some of them noble, devoted to the education of the upper classes. The establishment looked the model of neatness. The pupils, who had a uniform dress, rose and curtsied to us as we entered the rooms. They looked healthy and happy. The sisters had the manner and tone of well-bred ladies, chastened by seclusion from the rivalries of the world. It is one of the results of Catholic organisation and discipline that, in an institution like this, a field of utility is opened to those whom disappointment, or distaste for excitement, or a natural proneness to piety, disposes to withdraw from the world. Through the principle of association, the various resources of many are centred upon a high object; and much activity, that would otherwise have lain dormant or have been wasted, is turned to excellent account. From one of the lofty dormitories, with its numerous clean white beds, we looked out into a broad garden belonging to the convent, and beyond this to the Ludovisi gronds and villa. * * * This afternoon we returned to the chapel of the Sacré Cœur, to hear the music at the evening benediction. 'Twas a hymn from the sisterhood, accompanied by the organ. The service commenced silently at the altar, round which curled profuse incense, that glowed before the lighted candles like silver dust. The few persons present were kneeling, when the stillness was broken by a gentle gush of sound from the invisible choir up behind us. It came like a heavenly salutation. The soft tones seemed messengers out of the Infinite, that led the spirit up to whence they had come. At the end of each verse, a brief response issued from deep male voices at the opposite end of the church, near the altar, sounding like an earthly answer to the heavenly call. Then again were the ears possessed by the feminine harmony that poured itself down upon the dim chapel like an unmasked blessing. * * *

"One who resides long in Rome is liable to be sucked back into the past. Behind him is an ocean of movement and thought, out of which rise countless fragments and monuments that daily tempt him to exploration. A man might here lean his whole being against antiquity, and find it a life long support. The present becomes but a starting-point whence he would set out on voyages into the past. * * *

"We visited this morning the Hospital of St. Michael, an immense establishment for the support and instruction of orphans, and an asylum for aged poor. It is divided into four compartments: for aged men, of whom there are now one hundred and twenty-five; for aged women, one hundred and twenty-five; for boys, two hundred and twenty; and for girls, two hundred and seventy-five; making altogether seven hundred and forty-five as the present number of its inmates. We saw a woman one hundred and three years old, with health and faculties good. The boys are taught trades and the liberal arts, and are entitled to the half of the product of their work, which is laid up for them, and serves as a capital to start with when they leave the institution at the age of twenty; besides which, each one receives on quitting thirty dollars for the same purpose. The girls weave and work with the needle, and if they marry, receive one hundred dollars dower, and two hundred if they go into a convent. They, as well as the boys, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and vocal music. The superintendent, who was throughout exceedingly obliging and affable, let us hear several pieces of music, admirably executed by a number of the boys."

The *Supernaturalism of New England*, its author tells us, is enlarged from a magazine-paper, and published "in the hope that, while it will not be found to lack immediate interest, it may hereafter furnish materials for the essayist and poet, who shall one day do for his native land what Scott, and Hogg, and Burns, and Wilson have done for theirs." A very desirable thing, indeed; but by way of collecting these materials

for the future bard, our author at once goes off into a rhapsody, of which a few sentences will prove a sufficient surfeit for our readers:—

"What means, for instance, that strange, vast, unsubstantial fabric, rising suddenly, like the genii-built palaces of the Arabian Nights, in the heart of Boston? Consider well that Temple of the Second Advent—its thronging thousands, with wild, awe-stricken faces turned towards the East, like Mussulmen to their Kebla, in hourly expectation of the down-rushing of the fiery mystery of the Apocalypse; waiting with trembling eagerness and 'not unpleasing horror' to behold with the eye of flesh the tremendous pageant before which the elements shall melt and the heavens flee away—the Baptism of a World in fire? In what age or quarter of the world has the Supernatural in man taken a more decided and definite shape than this? Look at the nightly gatherings of the 'Disciples of the Newness,'—grey, thought-worn manhood, and young, dreamy beauty, catching inspiration from the Orphic utterances of modern prophecy, and making glad the weary present with sunny glimpses of a Transcendental Millennium. Look at Magnetism, with its fearfully suggestive phenomena, enacting daily in our midst marvels which throw far into shadow the simple witchcraft of our ancestors. What are these but present manifestations of the unearthly and the superhuman bursting up through the thin crust of conventional and commonplace existence?"

After this, we need hardly say that the volume consists of little better than a few trumpery ghost-stories, strung together in the midst of a flood of magazine "fine writing."

Short Notices.

Euripidis Medea. Edidit R. Porson; editio nova correctior, cui selectae Schaeferi, Pflugkii, Klotzii, aliorumque animadversiones adsperguntur. London, Whittaker and Co.

PORSON'S *Euripides* is now something like the schoolboy's knife, which had so often been renewed that no part of the old blade or handle remained; with this difference, however, that the old stock still continues in the midst of the multitudinous additions. This is the newest and most complete edition of the Four Plays. The *Hecuba* and *Medea* are now out; the others are speedily to follow. The criticisms of Klotz are the last which have been added to the old body of notes; and have the merit of not merely facilitating the comprehension of the grammatical structure of the text, but of helping the student to understand the course and point of the poet's ideas. When all the plays are out, it will be the most perfect edition yet put together; until some new German arises to illustrate or disturb all that has gone before him.

Alexander Dick's Reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith.

Edinburgh, Marshall, London, Dolman; Jones; and Burns. To those who, like ourselves, are surfeited with tales of imaginary conversions to and from all sorts of creeds, the history which forms the first part of this useful little volume is a welcome relief. Mr. Alexander Dick's manuscript was written some fifty years ago, though but just printed for the first time. The record of the progress of his mind from Presbyterianism, or rather from Indifferentism, to the Catholic system, is really one of the most interesting things of the kind we ever met with. It is also important, as giving a few sketches of the private life of some of those pious and devoted Parisian clergy who suffered for their religion in the massacres of the French revolution. Any one who wishes to see how a controversial subject may be treated with vigour, good sense, and perfect Christian charity, will not be disappointed in these unpretending pages.

A rational compendious Way to convince all Persons whatever Dissenting from the True Religion. By the Rev. J. Keyns, O.S.J. A new edition. London, Jones.

A NEAT and portable, yet readable reprint of a well-known and popular little treatise.

A few earnest Thoughts on the Duty of Communion with the Catholic Church. Richardson.

A BRIEF but earnest outline of the leading topics handled in Mr. Thompson's and Mr. Lewis's recent works on the Episcopate and the Royal Supremacy.

Miscellanies.

ABD-EL-KADER.

A BRIEF sketch of the life of this remarkable man will be interesting to every one who has watched the events of his career, and sympathised with his struggles for nationality—the more so, as few particulars of his personal history have as yet transpired. We give the following account of him as substantially correct, on the authority of the *Mirror Monthly Magazine*.

The deposed chieftain, though his features do not indicate it, is an Arab of pure descent. His father, Mahi-Aden, was a redoubtless leader of a western tribe; and his mother, Zorah-Sidih, is said to have been a woman not only of high caste and rare ability, but also one of the few cultivated females whom Arabia in modern days has produced. She is supposed to have indulged even a *penchant* for the *belles lettres*; and most of the nerve and vigour which her heroic son possessed was undoubtedly derived from her, his father being a personage of no remarkable enterprise or intelligence. Abd-el-Kader was born at Mascarah, on the western coast of Africa, in the year 1808; and from the hour of his nativity, if future reports are to be credited, he was a remarkable child. The peasants throughout the vast range of the northern shore of that division of the globe yet declare and believe that a halo surrounded his head at birth; and though the rumour probably is to be traced to his subsequent celebrity, he appears to have been from his infancy considered as a "holy child," especially designed by the Prophet for great events.

"*Allah! il Allah!* blessed be the Prophet!" resounded throughout the harem at his birth; and it is said that the dervishes of the province announced him as the promised child who was to effect the deliverance of the faithful. He was consequently educated with peculiar care. Several of the modern languages were familiar to him in his infancy; and at twelve years of age he commenced studying statesmanship. His father, from this period, appears to have been neglected in the household; and when he afterwards became entangled with the Bey of the province at Oran, it was to his son's address that he owed his liberation. The Emir who there presided is said to have been so struck with the youth's intelligence and courage, that he complied with their request, and permitted them to retire to Alexandria.

Mehemet Ali then, as now, governed Egypt; and his vigorous character is said to have made a profound impression on the young Abd-el-Kader, as well as imbued him with a vehement desire to attempt restoring the nationality of his countrymen. The west of Africa was then, as recently, in a state of anarchy; and order was no sooner temporarily restored than again threatened by the inburst of the French. It was in 1830, after Algiers had fallen, that Abd-el-Kader and his father, by the aid of the Pasha, again reappeared in their native country; and the sire being too old or infirm to comply with the desire of the people to assume the post of their leader, the appointment, by his recommendation, devolved upon the son.

This was in 1831 or 1832, when Abd-el-Kader was in the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year of his age; and he immediately evinced all the inherent powers of a general. His quiet, resolute aspect impressed adherents with hope—his prompt and vigorous measures struck opponents with fear. He had previously been distinguished by a bold attack on a French detachment, in which, though repulsed, he had displayed equal courage and address; and it soon became evident that he was to be the most formidable opponent the invaders had yet had to encounter. The Dey of Algiers, in the estimation of the natives, had pusillanimously deserted his post, and they disadvantageously contrasted his conduct with the young Emir's, who, though he had his horse shot under him and was severely injured by its fall, immediately returned to the attack. All the attachment and the *prestige* which, notwithstanding his barbarities and blunders, had been previously entertained for the chief of the piratical city, were consequently transferred to Abd-el-Kader, and the natives henceforth followed him with implicit confidence.

Their trust and their hope were not misplaced. Since the days of Jugurtha, Africa has not produced such a leader. He immediately made the ablest arrangements, military and political; and while thousands flocked to his banner, induced partly by prophetic predictions, but still more by his already acquired reputation, his father and others preached a new holy war, and the whole country was speedily in revolt. Abd-el-Kader directed his attention in the first instance against a few tribes who had opposed his elevation, and on their reduction he concentrated all his energies against the French.

It were idle now to recapitulate his first encounters. In the course of the years 1832-33 he frequently attacked the enemy, with varied success, being sometimes defeated, but oftener victorious. It was not, however, till towards the end of the latter year that he became generally known to the French, when, having made a vehement inroad to recover the body of a nephew who had been slain in a skirmish preceding, he was noted for the vigour and audacity of his attack. He was unsuccessful; but his opponents had reason to remember his fiery assault and resolute courage. His peculiar head-dress, sharp sword, and admirable horsemanship, were ever afterwards held by them in respectful recollection, though they at first felt inclined to ridicule the former—a handkerchief or turban, arranged in the form of a cap, and which, descending on his neck in thick folds, amply protected it against any strokes of the scimitar, a weapon which the Arabs mostly use, as well as broke the shock

of many a sabre-thrust aimed at him in the *milée*. The soldiers soon became aware that this *outré* dress surmounted the arm and the strength of a man; and De Michel, the French general who then commanded, after several similar *rencontres*, was glad to propose or acquiesce in a pacific convention, in the year 1834.

Abd-el-Kader employed the interval in subduing some of the native chiefs, who resisted his evident design to erect an extensive and independent sultanship in Africa; and the knowledge or suspicion of this intent, in the following year, induced the French to excite them against his authority. Abd-el-Kader became aware of this; and the truce, to the satisfaction of all parties, was consequently broken early in 1835. But the resumption of hostilities proved less favourable to the Emir than the French. He had scarcely subdued the hostile chiefs Sideh-Aribeh and Ben-Ismael, when the French under General Trezel were on him; and the subsequent advance of Marshal Clauzel, in overwhelming force, threatened effectually to crush him. The Arabs also, encouraged or bought over by the French, deserted him; a force of a thousand foot-soldiers, disciplined and, it is said, officered by Frenchmen who had entered his service for the purpose during the recent peace, abandoned him in a body; and the lately-vanquished chiefs being reinforced afresh, the condition of the Emir soon became desperate. He with difficulty escaped from his capital, Mascarah, and had the mortification immediately to find it in flames. Trezel followed up his advantage with savage barbarity; most of Abd-el-Kader's adherents were either induced to desert him or were destroyed; and the hunted Emir was soon reduced to solitude—almost to despair. For a moment he felt inclined to abandon all as hopeless, and return to Egypt; but the voice of patriotism—perhaps of ambition—and the innate sense he appears to have entertained of his destiny, prevailed; and, courageous again, he resolved to renew the struggle.

A few of his own men, who had escaped the French, rejoined him; others, who had been cajoled and deceived by the invaders, repaired to his standard; and he was soon again in a condition to take the field. His wife, and mother, and sister, whom he had with difficulty preserved in the recent wreck of his fortune, were again conveyed to a place of safety; and with a few adherents, he watched, and as soon as an opportunity occurred, assailed an exploring column of the French. Clauzel, who had imagined all opposition subdued, soon found his advance arrested, and communications menaced. It was near Tafnah where this unexpected interruption occurred; and the marshal, finding the route blocked up, retraced his course. But he was not permitted to do so with impunity; Abd-el-Kader assailed him in flank, sometimes even threatened him in front, again appeared in his rear; whether he advanced, or retrograded, or remained still, continually harassed him; and after numerous sanguinary encounters, ultimately compelled him to fall back upon his original position at Tlemcen.

Abd-el-Kader pursued his advantage. The tribes of the desert having been attracted to his banner by the sound of his recent achievements, he, early in April, deemed himself sufficiently strong to attack the enemy under General D'Arles; but his strength being inadequate, he was repulsed with considerable loss. Ten days later, however, having meanwhile been reinforced, he renewed the attempt, and eventually blocked up the French so effectually, that Bugeaud, with a strong division, was obliged to march to their relief. This was the first occasion that the renowned French *sabreur* came in contact, as a commander, with Abd-el-Kader; and the impetuosity of his attack, with his overwhelming numbers, enabled him to gain a decisive triumph. He forced the Arab chief, first to raise the siege of Tafnah, where D'Arles had taken refuge, and ultimately to abandon that of Tlemcen, in which Cavaignac, who afterwards acquired a reputation so sinister, had been for some time rigorously blockaded. A few actions of minor importance followed, and the forces of Abd-el-Kader again deserting him as rapidly as they had assembled, he was soon once more reduced to his former solitary condition.

But energetic and indefatigable, he had, ere the spring of the following year, again assembled such a force as to be able not only to reduce the tribes to his control, but to endanger the safety of Letaing—another general, who had been sent to hold him in check. An overture for peace was accordingly made him, and a treaty concluded towards the end of May. Tlemcen and Tafnah, with two provinces for which he had disputed, were abandoned to him in terms of this convention. But the French retained a few detached points, which gave rise to future discord. Bugeaud, too, had again arrived upon the scene; and the Emir having by his alleged haughty conduct especially offended one of the marshal's friends, who had been employed to conduct the recent negotiation, a pretext for future quarrel was soon established. While the Emir was absent chastising some distant tribes, insurrection was fomented in his territories at home; and when, notwithstanding this, he again triumphed, and threatened to be in a position more formidable than ever, Bugeaud considered it advisable that no

time should be lost in strangling his rising power. Several disputes accordingly occurred; and at last, in 1839, when the Emir had ten thousand regular, and nearly double the number of undisciplined troops under his command, it was deemed prudent to find some means of checking his increasing ascendancy. Some wretched pretence for aggression was quickly discovered. The fiery marshal took the field, and the murderous campaigns of 1840-41 followed. The Emir, not slow to meet him, came in conflict with the French at Thenia, Medea, and Miliana, from all of which, though apparently defeated, he invariably arose more powerful than ever. Lamoriciere, however, had, in the mean time, reduced his capital, Mascarah; and Changanier, with Bedeau, two other French generals, subdued some insurgent tribes who were approaching to his aid. Tlemcen, also, an important position, had been taken by the latter; and every resource being thus cut off, Abd-el-Kader was under the necessity of seeking shelter within the territories of the Emperor of Morocco.

The war in this exhausted empire followed. The Emir, though he arrived stripped and a fugitive in the dominions of Morocco, found means to enlist Abderhamann in his cause. The emperor is said to have been engaged by Abd-el-Kader's piety, reputation, and address; his profound appearance of resignation and submission to the will of the Prophet; but more probably he was induced to welcome him as one able to aid him against his formidable neighbours, the French. Bugeaud followed the Emir into his new asylum, and the battles of Isly, Tangiers, and the foolish affair of Prince Joinville at Mogador supervened. Abd-el-Kader gallantly distinguished himself in the two former; but in vain. The worn-out empire and its obsolete forces were unable to contend with disciplined troops, and, as a condition of peace, he was once more driven from his refuge, to seek shelter in his old retreat of Algeria.

The government of Louis Philippe now surmised that they would crush him; one or two of the princes were despatched from Toulon in expectation of securing the easy triumph of taking him; but the indomitable Emir again found means to resume hostilities, and within a year of these vaunted victories he was threatening the French position at Taras. Danger was impending; the princes were recalled; and to Bugeaud was entrusted the duty of meeting him. This, however, was no easy task. Within a period incredibly short the Emir overran the whole confines of Algeria, and the French marshal had no sooner arrived to assail him at one point, than he found his still more alert opponent had threatened him on another. Those menaces were repeated so long and so often that many began to doubt the existence of an Abd-el-Kader. He was supposed to be but a phantom of the imagination, designed to afford an excuse for the maintenance of a large army in Africa; and even the marshal himself pronounced him *imprenable*.

A moment, and the prospects of Abd-el-Kader looked brighter than ever. His reputation, extraordinary career, and the superstitious opinion attached to his name, induced even the inhabitants of Morocco to prefer him to their own Sultan; and for a time it seemed probable he would shake the other on his throne. This appeared especially imminent after the Emir's memorable exploits in the Saharah, when, with comparatively small resources, he kept the whole African forces of France in check. But it was the prelude of his downfall. The jealousy excited in the Emperor of Morocco's mind was sedulously fostered by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and gave rise, first to the withdrawal of the aid which Abderhamann had long in secret extended, and ultimately to his taking the field against him. Abd-el-Kader himself had imparted new energy and discipline to the exhausted forces of Morocco, and his own weapons were now turned against him. After a struggle of two years, during which he was more the enemy of Morocco than of the French, he fell by the power of the former; and, to escape the usual penalty of defeat, in its barbarous code, he threw himself into the hands of the French prince.

It is confidently believed that large sums were profusely supplied by Louis Philippe to accomplish this result, with the view of obtaining *éclat* for the prince, and affording support, if possible, to the dynasty; but the Duke d'Aumale seems to have acted in a manner to frustrate the design, and to deprive himself as well as the government of any claim to popularity. By the latest accounts from Africa, in the *Moniteur Algérien*, it appears that this prince, who has scarcely ever seen a shot fired except on parade, caused or permitted the fallen chieftain of a hundred combats to uncover his feet before entering the French presence-chamber, and deprived him of his favourite horse as a pledge of submission; while the government at home have treated the captive hero with still more indignity.

In addition to the other claims he presents to attraction, Abd-el-Kader is said to be a poet of no mean order, and to be attached to philosophic pursuits. In the language of his country, he is described as possessing a tongue sweeter than the nightingale's, and a mind more profound than the sea. His figure is slender, and in action was generally half-veiled; his appearance is modest, and address subdued. His hands and

feet are singularly small and delicate; but his features, as already mentioned, do not disclose the pure *caste* of a high-bred Arab. Several Europeans who have been in his camp speak highly of his temper and affability. His eyes are large and soft, denoting little of the fire that reigns within. His face, though slightly marked with the small-pox, and ruffled, is feminine in its aspect; and altogether, in his quiet, contemplative appearance, there is little to indicate that he is one of the fiercest spirits that ever spurred across a field. He is unquestionably the greatest man whom his country has produced since the days of Jugurtha; and we cannot believe that his bright career is yet at an end. The government of Louis Philippe may, in defiance of treaties, detain him at present from the East, and immure him in some fortress in the North, but he will, in all probability, survive its fall.

PAPAL RESCRIPT

TO THE CATHOLIC PRELATES OF IRELAND.

“ ILLME ac Rme Domine,—Quæ in vulgus, nonnullis abhinc mensibus, per publicas Angliæ ephemeras disseminantur, super partium politicarum studio, quo nonnulli ecclesiastici viri abripiuntur, et abusu aliquarum ecclesiarum Hiberniensium ad negotia civilia in iisdem vel pertractanda vel coadjuvanda, nec non super homicidiis, que iterari per Hiberniam narrantur, sacrificis ministris affiguntur, utpote quæ per quorundam ex istis in S. concionibus imprudentiam, aut etiam e S. suggestu indirecta provocacionem in antecessum designata, vel saltem iniqua rati habitione comprobata, S. hujus Congregationis sollicitudinem excitare jure merito debent.

“ Quæ, licet sibi persuadere, minime possit, verum esse, quod tanto cum rumore jactatur, et viros ecclesiasticos oblitos, Ecclesiam Dei domum esse orationis debere, et non negotiationis, vel civilium studiorum officinam, eosque pacis ministros, dispensatoresque mysteriorum Dei, haud se implicare negotiis sacerdotalibus, et a sanguine et ultiōibus abhorre oportere; nihilominus sua quam maxime interesse duxit, opportunas plenasque de hisce omnibus informationes exquirere, ut quænam fides publicis hujusmodi diffamacionibus danda sit videri possit. Quapropter Amplitudini Tuæ has litteras dandas, ex mente etiam SS. Dni Nri Pii PP. IX. statui, ut quampliū justissimæ huic nostræ sollicitudini facere satis dignetur: commonitis interim sacris omnibus ministris, ut quærentes semper quæ sunt Jesu Christi, fidelium sibi commissorum saluti alacres incumbant et impigri, Deoque militantes mundanis rebus se non immisceant, enique curent ne ulla ex parte ministerium eorum vituperetur, et illi qui contra sunt nihil habeant dicere de ipsis.

“ Interim Deum precor, ut Amplitudinem Tuam diu sospitem ac felicem servet.

“ Amplitudinis Tuæ.

“ Romæ ex AEd. Sac. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide,
“ die 3 Januarii, 1848.

“ Ad officia paratissimus,

“ J. PH. CARD. FRANSONIUS, Pref.

“ Reverendissimo, &c.”

(*Translation.*)

“ Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord,—The reports now for some months circulated by the English newspapers, concerning the political party-strifes in which some ecclesiastics have allowed themselves to be carried away, and the desecration made of some of the Irish churches for the purpose of aiding and promoting secular concerns—nay more, the reports which have reached us relative to the murders which, we are informed, are so frequent, and by reason of which the clergy have been stigmatised, and some of them charged with imprudence and as giving indirect provocation from the pulpit, or at least extenuating the guilt of these murders;—these reports must surely awaken the solicitude of the Sacred Congregation.

“ This Sacred Congregation cannot bring itself to believe that such reports, so extensively noised abroad, can be true; nor can it believe that ecclesiastics have forgotten that the Church of God should be the house of prayer—not of secular concerns, or the meeting-place of politicians; neither can the Sacred Congregation believe that ecclesiastics have ceased to recollect that they are ministers of peace, dispensers of the mysteries of God—men who should not involve themselves in worldly concerns—in a word, men who should abhor blood and vengeance. Nevertheless, this Sacred Congregation deems it its duty to require satisfactory and speedy information concerning all these matters, that it may know what importance it should attach to the above-mentioned dammatory reports. Wherefore, at the suggestion of His Holiness, I have deemed it my duty to forward this letter to your Lordship, praying you to satisfy this most reasonable solicitude of the Sacred Congregation. And meantime it exhorts you to admonish the clergy, that, seeking the things which are of Jesus Christ, they sedulously apply themselves to watch over the spiritual interests of the people, and in nowise mix themselves up with worldly

affairs; in order that their ministry may not be brought into disrepute, and those who are against them may not have where-with to charge them.

"I pray God long to preserve your Lordship.
"J. PH. CARD. FRANSONI.

"Rome, from the Congregation of the Faith,
"January 3, 1848."

A POET'S VIEW OF THE REWARDS OF POETRY.

STILL less would poetic art be advanced by rewards in the shape of civil honours and distinctions; and the proposals which have been made for so rewarding it, betray, when they are examined, the inconsistency of the views on which they are founded.

It would probably be admitted by their authors that poetic art should not be accounted in any respect inferior to military or political art. Yet, has any one entertained the notion of assigning to the greatest poet of an age civil honours and distinctions tantamount to those which are assigned to the greatest soldier or politician? The creation of a Duke of Rydal, with an appanage of 10,000*l.* a year, is not the sort of measure which has been suggested, and probably there is no one who would not acknowledge it to be absurd. Yet it would be hardly more absurd than the assignment to our greatest poets of titular distinctions which, being the highest that are proposed as a reward of poetic genius, are yet amongst the lowest that would be considered worthy the acceptance of a meritorious general officer or a serviceable county member.

The truth is, that civil honours and titular distinctions are altogether unfit for great poets, who, being but two or three in a century, are to be distinguished by the rarity of their kind.

With regard to pensions, were they intended merely as honorary rewards, they would be open to the same objections. If they were supposed to have reference to the dignity of the calling, such pensions as are given to lord chancellors and ambassadors should pitch the scale, rather than such as are given to clerks and collectors of customs. But they are assigned upon different principles, and their sufficiency is to be brought to another test. * * * *

If poetry, then, be unavailable, will the poet be enabled to subsist by the aid of prose? This will probably be his best resource; but even prose will fail to return a profit, unless it be written for the market.

Having been almost the only resource of one who was at once an eminent poet and, in general literature, the most distinguished writer of his age—Mr. Southey—his example may be fairly adduced as shewing what may be made of it under the most favourable circumstances. By a small pension and the office of laureate (yielding together about 200*l.* per annum) he was enabled to insure his life, so as to make a moderate posthumous provision for his family; and it remained for him to support himself and them, so long as he should live, by his writings. With unrivalled industry, infinite stores of knowledge, extraordinary talents, a delightful style, and the devotion of about one-half of his time to writing what should be marketable rather than what he would have desired to write, he defrayed the cost of that frugal and homely way of life which he deemed to be the happiest and the best. So far it may be said that all was well; and certainly never was man more contented with a humble lot than he.

But at sixty years of age he had never yet had one year's income in advance; and when, between sixty and seventy, his powers of writing failed, had it not been for the timely grant of an additional pension, his means of subsistence would have failed too. It was owing to this grant alone that the last years of a life of such literary industry as was the wonder of his time, were not harassed by pecuniary difficulties; and at his death, the melancholy spectacle was presented, of enormous preparations thrown away, one great labour of his life half-finished, and other lofty designs which had been cherished in his heart of hearts from youth to age, either merely inchoate or altogether unattempted.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

WILL THE IRISH FIGHT THE FRENCH?—Those who think we have no longer any "national defences," and that Ireland hates England so much that she almost loves France better, will perhaps be disabused by the following account of our last year's military recruits.

Enlisted during the last military year, 27,093. Of these, the recruits afforded by different nations were as follows:

England	.	.	.	11,506
Ireland	.	.	.	11,968
Scotland	.	.	.	3,304
Wales	.	.	.	271
Foreign Countries	.	.	.	44
				27,093

According to the population, the troops were in the following ratio:

England	.	.	424, or 3 per cent.
Ireland	.	.	441, or 7 per cent.
Scotland	.	.	125, or 7 per cent.
Wales	.	.	6, or 3 per cent.
Foreign Countries	.	.	1, or 6 per cent.

In these figures is far more than at first meets the eye. They shew the far greater destitution of the Scotch and Irish poor than of the English and Welsh. And more than that, they shew that when a Scotchman and an Irishman are treated equally well, not merely by the laws of the land, but by their own immediate masters, they are equally ready to undertake the most laborious and most rigorous of duties. Of the foreigners resident in Great Britain there is of course a large proportion who enter the British service, because they are so many of them plunged in abject poverty.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ART-UNION.—A correspondence has taken place between the Board of Trade and the Council of the Art-Union, which has resulted in a proposition from the Board for the adoption of a re-arranged system of selection. They propose that the council, or a committee, should in the first instance select the works of art to be distributed, and that the prizeholders should select from this collection according to the order of their prizes. This is the system to which the select committee (Report, p. xxxviii.) give the preference. The advantages which it is supposed to combine are the following:—1. It confides the task of making the preliminary selection to persons who may be presumed to be chosen for the office on account of their fitness for it. 2. It enables those persons to purchase the best pictures of the year, and to give the prizeholders a chance of obtaining them, whereas at present they can only choose from among those which remain unsold at the opening of the exhibitions, which are comparatively few. 3. It diverts the attention of the prizeholder from the 'money-value' of his prize, and thus tends to repress the gambling spirit. 4. It calls on the prizeholder to exercise his own taste in the selection, restricting him from making a very bad choice, and preserving him from the interested counsels of persons who are anxious to procure the sale of particular works of art, since under such a system no one can have any interest in inducing him to select one work rather than another; and advice, if given at all, must be honest. In this respect it has the advantage over the present London system. 5. It enables him to choose a work suited to his taste and circumstances; and in this respect has the advantage over the Scotch, Irish, and German systems.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The following is a copy of the architect's report of the present state of the works at the New Palace at Westminster: "The carcass works of the building, as far as the site is available or free from temporary buildings, are completed, with the following exceptions, viz. the upper portions of the Victoria tower, the Clock tower, and the Central tower, which are upon an average 100 feet above the ground; St. Stephen's porch above the level of about 60 feet from the ground; two bays of the western portion of St. Stephen's hall, which are within eight feet of their intended height; and the central masses of the building abutting upon the Central-tower, and the towers of the river-front, which, together with St. Stephen's hall, are now being roofed in. The scaffolding, stages, and hoisting tackle for the three towers are nearly completed, and contracts have been made for proceeding with the upper portion of those towers. The stone groin over the Octagon-hall, under the Central-tower, is turned, the capping is struck, and the bosses are now being carved. The stone groining to the corridors in communication with the Central-hall, and other groins in various parts of the building, including those over the public staircase, are for the most part completed. The fittings and finishings of the Peers' and Commons' libraries, the Peers' refreshment-rooms, and the offices attached thereto, and the offices for the Clerk of the Crown, are so far advanced as to allow of those portions of the building being occupied prior to the Easter recess. The fittings and finishings of the committee-rooms and corridors in the one-pair story of the river-front are far advanced, and might have been completed by next Easter if the rooms had not been required for use at the commencement of the present session. The finishings of the Lord Great Chamberlain's apartments, her Majesty's robe-room, and the wood-ceilings, wainscot-framings, doors, &c. for numerous apartments, corridors, &c. in various portions of the building, are in hand, and in part fixed. There are at present 1399 men engaged upon the works of the New Palace, of which number 776 are employed at the building; 120 at the quarries; 335 at the Government works at Thames-bank, upon the joiners' works and wood-carvings; and 168 upon miscellaneous works both at the building and elsewhere.—(Signed) Charles Barry, Feb. 1."

On a previous occasion, in reply to questions asked by Lord Duncan, in the Commons, Lord Morpeth stated, that

he had been informed by the architect, that he had no doubt the House would be ready for members within fifteen or eighteen months after the arrangements for ventilating, lighting, and warming the House had been settled! The Government, he might add, had thought fit to desire that Dr. Reid's projects might be carried into effect. Further progress had not been made with the official residences, the sums voted having been appropriated to the completion of the shell of the building in the first instance. The library, he believed, was in a state of considerable forwardness; and the architect had informed him that the residences of the Speaker and others would not be habitable until the exterior was more advanced towards completion.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANTIQUE PULPIT.—An ancient oak pulpit, of remarkable elegance and beauty, has been discovered in the church of All Saints, Sudbury. For ages it has been so concealed by boards and paint, that no one knew of its existence. It is Gothic in design, octagon in form, and richly carved in the higher part of the panels. The latest date which can be assigned to it is the early part of Henry VII's reign,—the date of the church, if we except the northern arch, which is of the time of Edward IV. The pulpit is now completely restored; and a staircase, slightly winding, has been attached to it, in keeping with the original design. This has been executed under the superintendence of Mr. Ringham, of Ipswich.

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